

4, 1894

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XIII.—No. 15.
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NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1894.

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No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

FROM the very beginning of the present trouble Pullman has refused to arbitrate or admit that there was anything to arbitrate. Eminent men have repeatedly urged Vice-President Wickes to meet with them and talk the matter over. The same answer is returned: "Nothing to arbitrate"—and the fair-minded public is beginning to get very tired.

I BELIEVE that Pullman is to blame for this whole trouble. If he had shown a disposition to meet his men half-way, they would not have struck, especially at such a time as this. The very intensity of bitterness manifested by the large majority of labor organizations toward Pullman is proof sufficient to any reasonable man that Pullman has not been treating his employes fairly. A very important point he concedes is, that he is opposed to organized labor. But that has come to stay. Organized labor must be maintained. It is a stage of human development that will not go backward. Call it dictation, Socialism, what you will; but it is absolutely necessary to so protect organized labor that it shall not be reduced to the condition of starvation at pauper wages.

It is matter of notoriety that Pullman is a community in which the great car-maker aimed to build up a solid and prosperous industrial class, attached to himself and to his business interests. To this end it became part of his plan to keep a controlling interest in the place as a whole. It is a supposable case that a man of great wealth, starting out with the best-meant intentions of paternalism, may wind up by becoming the oppressor of the workman as well as his would-be owner. This Pullman has done. Fair-minded people have but to visit the place and be convinced. ONCE A WEEK hopes that enlightened railroad managers will not give Pullman any more help than is absolutely necessary in the performance of their duty to the public, and that they will not stay in this fight at all as against his employes. This is a free country. If a community like Pullman cannot exist without such conditions of serfdom, let a free American town take its place.

ORGANIZED labor may make mistakes, but that is part of natural growth. As organization is perfected, as experience is acquired, organized labor will make less mistakes—not any more than other kinds of organization. ONCE A WEEK has as large a salary-list as most employers of labor—in round figures, about \$40,000 a week. It knows—and so does Pullman—that workmen, especially Union workmen, if properly treated, will always do what is right. I have always found it so. A workman who will be loyal to his fellow-workmen will be loyal to his employer.

It is claimed that Pullman offered to show the books of the Company in proof of his statement to the workmen that he could not continue to make and sell cars unless the reduction in wages were accepted by the men; and that the workmen refused to abide by that

test. This is only another proof of the hostile attitude of the Company toward its employes. The men would never have refused such a test unless they felt that, in so doing, they would be giving one more advantage to their oppressor. There is no friendly employer of workmen but can easily induce them to examine books for this purpose. Not only that, but the men would believe the books, and would not distrust their showing, if that mutual confidence existed that should always exist between employer and employe—especially in such an industrial Utopia as Pullman. If Pullman were on the friendly-interest terms with his men that he always claimed for himself, he would have gone into any of their meetings with his books and been welcomed there; and they would have done what was reasonable, under the showing.

BUT Pullman is opposed to organized labor. We all know that there are many employers, in car-shops, sweat-shops and elsewhere, who would make men work for fifty cents a day, if they could. In many cases such employers will even defend their course by saying they pay the low wages because they are better for the workmen. In view of the repeated and systematic reductions in wages in his car-shops Mr. Pullman seems to belong to this latter class. ONCE A WEEK is with the Pullman employes as against their oppressor.

TALK is easy and cheap. Discordant words are heard on every side: denouncing Debs as a dictator, and blaming Pullman for his refusal to arbitrate; commending and condemning the President's Proclamations; that the law must be upheld at all hazards, and that the military power must not be used to help corporations against their employes; that a workman has the right to go to work if he wants to, and that organized labor has the right to "strike"—which means, in reality, more than to quit work merely, as we all know. It is so easy to say these things that the same public man or newspaper is capable of saying them all without seeing that the assertions in pairs contradict each other.

THE self-evident truth is also ostentatiously proclaimed that organized labor has not the right to dictate to corporations or injure their business, or to interfere with commerce or the transportation of the mails. Leaving these truisms and self-contradictions to the shallow who talk for publication and for buncombe, the reflective mind sees a wave of Socialism sweeping over the industrial world, bringing new and startling conditions, and threatening dire results in the near future. The shallow are looking for a remedy, and are in a hurry to get it; the reflective student of current events is too apt to give up in despair.

REMEDIES for what ails the country at present are not as much needed as some timid ones may think. The industrial situation in this country is better than that of any other country under the sun. The workman is far better off than he ever was before. Employers have less power to tyrannize, and those who have such power use it less than it was ever used before in this world. I ask you to read your History carefully before you contradict these statements. Read your History, anyhow, for you will need it to study these lines.

THERE is a natural growth in the social organism from one age to another. The world is not going backward. Labor is not being emancipated, nor corporations enchain; but they are coming closer and closer together.

LET us appeal to History. Man first worked for himself. Then he forced his fellow-man to work for him in slavery—there is evidence that he enslaved his fellow-human before he enslaved the dumb brute. Next, chiefs and kings enslaved whole tribes and peoples. Christianity dawned. The Nazarene made the master merciful toward his servant. Feudal times succeeded, with kingdoms, republics, empires and Robber Barons. But the Robber Baron fed his workmen, sheltered them, and made them his own particular and special care, even in the midst of his forays upon neighbor chieftains and hostile clans. The serf had an abode, if not a Home, upon the soil he tilled.

THIS serfdom was succeeded by the wage-system. Man would be free, and take care of himself. We have that now. Only a few years ago we had no great corporations employing large bodies of men. Even the principal railroads employed but a few hundred men each. Individualism among workmen was the rule then; now it is the exception. Individualism among capitalists was the rule then; now the bulk of mining, commerce and manufactures is in the hands of corporations. Large bodies of workmen have gradually gathered at all the great centres where they are needed.

ORGANIZED labor has grown to be a necessary factor in our industrial system. It is, however, in its present form of organization, outside of the protection of the law. Its weapon—the strike—is easy to beat; is sometimes, if not usually, the workmen's worst enemy; is not provided for or regulated or contemplated by the statutes, State or Federal; is calculated to destroy in-

stead of building up; drives out more membership than it attracts—and now, it seems to have challenged recognition in a way never dreamed of by the British authors of the system: for the latest strike, or strike movement, has given the Federal Constitution the severest test yet encountered, not excepting the Civil War of 1861-1865.

BUT let us continue the History. The growth of great industrial plants, the development of the Millionaire, the combinations of capital for the control of nearly all specially profitable enterprises, the saving of money and energy accomplished by the Trust—all of these processes are factors in the direct line of human advancement. But in this growth and development organized capital has distanced organized labor. Capital has been thinking. It has paid for executive talent. It has the law on its side. It has property at stake. That great monetary and industrial stream called Business must not be disturbed or clogged because—and only because—organized capital has property at stake which the law must protect. Plain speaking is the best. If the United States mail was never touched by the rioters the law would still protect Business, and it need not be interstate commerce, either.

THESE advantages organized capital, in the form of corporations, has earned by strict attention to Business. Organized labor is developing, also. It is passing through its last embryonic stage. The strike and the tie-up and the boycott may stay a little while longer, until organized labor discovers that they are useless—that they are worse than useless—a hindrance, indeed, in the contest with such perfect specimens of organized capital as are now disputing even the right of organized labor here to exist as such.

THE present struggle, between Debs and Sovereign on one side, and Pullman, the Government and the Railway Managers on the other, is likely to end soon because of its very magnitude. What will be the result? Who will come out victorious? Ahem!—well. Never mind that. The Government, I suppose. But organized labor will not be enslaved. That would be going backward. The strike, the tie-up and the boycott will be abandoned. Labor unions will become corporate bodies, with capital stock of their own, and will deal with employers on a strictly business basis. They will also establish lines of business owned and managed by themselves. They may even take some of their money out of the savings banks and loan it to that ultra-conservative Capitalist who now thinks the spirit of Democracy is running wild because labor dares to organize at all.

ONCE A WEEK regrets that the present industrial trouble has come upon the country. It will be sorry to record that organized labor, even as it is now, has lost any membership on account of the present trouble. But, let come what may, this journal will continue to rejoice in the prospect that, before the end of this century, organized labor will occupy its proper place in the American industrial system by taking the next step forward—even if it be after defeat.—That step must be the Joint-Stock Labor Union. It is at our door. It will pay. It will win.

PEOPLE are growing more and more unreasonable every day. A man giving the name of Herbert Frank killed himself, in Greenwood Cemetery, last week. His last message was that the cause of suicide was nobody's business. If the Shade reporters find a newly-arrived party particularly hard to interview, they will know it is the late Herbert Frank.

WEDNESDAY of last week the Conference Committee working on the tariff had reached that stage of the game where two pitchers of milk and some hot corn-muffins were brought in for lunch. Senator Hill thought the sign a bad one. He expected little progress until a decanter and a box of cigars were brought in. The Democratic conferees were working eight hours a day, and expected to clear up one small section of the bargain counter before Saturday night. Importers were pouring in telegrams to hurry up the work so they can make their purchases of European goods; but the milk and muffins are in control as we go to press.

BARTHOLOMEW SHEA has been found guilty, at Troy, N. Y., of the murder of Ross in the election riots last spring, and has been sentenced to die in the electric chair at Dannemora. The penitentiary has done a great deal to stop bad politics in the Empire State this year, but this is the only case for many years of the extreme penalty applied to politics. But, of course, killing on Election Day must be treated the same as killing at any other time. In fact, if there is any time when men should not carry deadly weapons it is in a heated political contest. I cannot regard with satisfaction the death of even a murderer; but while the death penalty for murder is still in force in New York, the fate of the unfortunate Shea can serve only as a warning to others to keep pistols out of politics.

GEORGE F. SANFORD and Stewart Sherill, of the Yale Athletic team, at present in England to try conclusions with the best athletes of Oxford, took it into their heads

to explode some fireworks on the "Glorious Fourth" in the streets of the old University town. This being contrary to law, the police took Sanford and Sherill into custody, had them up before a magistrate, and made solemn complaint that the aforesaid S. and S. had violated the majesty of the law. The magistrate compelled them to pay costs, and released them. The cable does not state what the costs amounted to. Dear old England! how she does cling to the old ways. How different would have been the treatment of Oxford athletes in this country, supposing they had come here and celebrated Victoria's Day a little too patriotically. Nobody would have said them nay, and if, ignorantly, they had violated law, the police would have been blind and deaf.

A TRAIN, carrying regular soldiers, was wrecked near Sacramento, July 11. The engineer and three soldiers were killed, and four soldiers were wounded. The California strike leaders said the outrage was not the work of strikers; but the railroad officials claimed to have proof that certain strikers removed the fishplates from the rails, causing the track to spread. The terrible tragedy has created a profound impression. Whether strikers are the guilty parties or not, the cause of labor will suffer. The perpetrators of this most fiendish deed must be promptly punished.

JAPAN is going to have her own way in Corea, so she says, whether China and Russia like it or not. Japan keeps all her plans secret, and newspapers that talk too much for publication are at once suppressed. As Russia and China do the same thing, there must be a great deal of heavy war silence over there at present. Tokio and Y. C. Ohama, to relieve the monotony, have just had an earthquake, causing great loss of life and property.

SUPPOSE President Debs does win this fight to the extent of obtaining concessions from the railroads, by arousing public opinion in his favor. The fact would still remain: the result would not have been obtained by the methods of peace and in accordance with business principles. And business is business. Money talks. Great contests like this must not be settled in this country by the military arm of the Government. We have legislators and judges, servants of the people, to do such things. They must have a chance to act.

RUSSIA has just sent one hundred and sixty unfortunates to Siberia for conspiracy. Their terms range between two and five years. The victims include many women, people of wealth and refinement, and a large contingent of students. M. Potocki, editor of the *Golos* newspaper, at Warsaw, has been sentenced for five years, to be followed by banishment. Eighty of those on trial were acquitted. The point must not be overlooked that many, even of the two-year prisoners, may be done to death before their term expires in the living death of the Siberian mines.

CHOLERA has been officially declared epidemic, by the Austrian Government, in the Talezczyk district of Galicia, and Prussia has found it necessary to quarantine a part of the basin of the Vistula. This country must not allow the other engrossing subjects to interfere with rigid precautions against possible pest-ships from these and other parts of Europe.

THE *Britannia*, favorite yacht of the Prince of Wales, has been a busy and exhilarating time beating Mr. George Gould's *Vigilant* in English waters. The Yankee yacht was beaten for the sixth time, July 12. The cause of it all was lack of wind—and the *Vigilant's* habit of getting in behind the *Britannia*, instead of in front of her. Mr. Gould is in good humor. I suppose he would be hilarious if he could win just once.

AT Middletown, N. Y., on the Fourth several young men scattered dangerous explosives about the city and Mr. H. S. Bodine was hurt. Two young men called at his home a day or two later, asked as to his condition and expressed regret that he was hurt. They were arrested, but Mr. Bodine agreed to settle the matter privately and the young men were not prosecuted. This may seem a trivial affair, but Mr. Bodine's example is worthy of imitation. Peace is always best, if possible, especially after the Fourth. But young men should not take courage from this, or scatter dangerous explosives anywhere or at any time.

ERASTUS WIMAN, convicted of forgery, will not go to Sing Sing for the present, and he is likely to be admitted to bail, though that is in the discretion of the Court. Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, granted a certificate of reasonable doubt. The Court added that Wiman's offense, though criminal, did not constitute forgery. If this is good law, Mr. Wiman is likely to be a free man.

FORTY THOUSAND miles is more than enough to go around the earth at the Equator, but it is possible for a ship to sail that distance and yet not circumnavigate this uneasy planet. Captain Gray, steamship *Fort Philip*, has just finished a voyage of more than forty thousand miles. He started from Glasgow, August 4 last, and went to Freemantle, West Australia, and to

Sydney, New South Wales; thence to Fiji Islands, thence to Japan and China ports, loading with spices and tea for this country, arriving in New York July 12. In Singapore, May 18, a tornado struck a warehouse at the dock, scattering huge sheets of galvanized iron through the air. One of the sheets cut the main topmast off as clean as if done with a saw—making one of the neatest sailor's yarns brought from foreign parts for New York reporters for a long time. I must congratulate Captain Gray on bringing in the *Fort Philip* with no further mishap.

CINCINNATI the Musical has captured a prize in Professor Frank van der Stucken, of the Arion Society of this city, who has been engaged to conduct the Cincinnati Permanent Orchestra, teach in the College of Music, and take Theodore Thomas's place as Director of the Cincinnati May Festival Society. The Professor's salary is seven thousand a year—a reasonable enough figure, and, considering that he will reside in the congenial atmosphere of Cincinnati, quite a liberal salary, too.

WE expect the New York baseball "team" back this week. They have done so well on their Western trip that they are now way up on the front row. The Brooklyn men lost several points on the trip. The baseball championship may not be won by either of them—but it is a very close contest yet among the first seven clubs—and the two local teams are among the first six. Though Baltimore has held the lead for several weeks, I would pick Boston, Pittsburgh and New York in the order named, to hold the lead at the end of the season.

ENGLAND has been chosen mediator to settle the difficulty between China and Japan in Corea. This does not necessarily mean a settlement, though. At last accounts Japan was building warships, and seemed bent upon taking advantage of the present disturbances in Corea to drive China out. It is known also that Russia has designs upon Corea as an outlet for her winter commerce on the Pacific. Under the circumstances, England is not likely to be a first-class mediator.

THE Czar is being closely pursued at home. It was intended to hold army maneuvers at Smolensk in the autumn, but they have been abandoned. Mines were discovered leading into the building in which the maneuvers were to be held. Somebody had evidently begun in time, so as to blow up the Czar and the rest of them when the time came. A number of Nihilists have been arrested, and will go to the mines, probably, whether they are guilty or not.

BUT even this black cloud of cruel injustice in Russia has its silver lining. A large number of political offenders will be pardoned by the Czar on the occasion of the forthcoming marriage of the Czarewitch and Princess Alix of Hesse. On the same occasion the Czarina will found a charitable institution.

ST. PETERSBURG is once more visited by the cholera scourge, which is spreading at a rate that alarms the physicians and the authorities. All wine shops have been ordered closed on Sundays and fête days. Public prayers were offered at the Metropolitan Cathedral, July 15, asking that the scourge be stayed.

OTHER countries of Europe are also seriously threatened by the twin scourge of cholera and Anarchism this summer. A great many places are quarantined now, and it is not likely the Atlantic cable tells about them all. France has found it necessary to arrest several foreign Anarchists at Avignon and Montpellier. They will be ordered to leave the country. A plot to murder President Casimir-Perier has been discovered, and a Spanish Anarchist named Izet has been arrested charged with being implicated with Leperthus, who is charged with being the leader.

WHILE these troubles are upon the French people at home, it has been found necessary to detail a French gunboat to Corea to protect the French Fathers and other Christians who are threatened, or to afford them the means to escape from the frenzied populace during the uprisings. A number of Christians, mostly French, have been killed.

ANARCHIST ENRICO LUCCHESI has been arrested charged with the murder of Signor Bandi, editor of the *Gazzetta Livornese* of Leghorn, a newspaper that was unusually vigorous in its warfare upon the Reds. Lucchesi is known as a dangerous Anarchist. I suppose Italy is hardly prepared to adopt the Russian practice of convicting the accused because he is an Anarchist; but in the present temper of the Italian people, Lucchesi is in a very tight place, even if he did not murder the editor of the *Gazzetta*.

BUT we need not go away from home this week to look for trouble. More's the pity, for we ought to get on amicably in this country. As ONCE A WEEK goes to press, it is doubtful whether the great strike will cause any more disturbance or not. It is claimed by the Railway Managers that Debs is beaten. Well, who is

Debs? Why should the Managers claim to have beaten him? He is only an individual. Why should there be talk of "beating" at all? Granting that they have won a "victory," now is the time for the Railway Managers to abstain from treading upon the sore corns of organized labor—in so far as that is represented by Debs and Sovereign.

THE value of railroad property destroyed is placed at about a quarter million dollars. One expert figures it that the lesson taught is worth all the lives lost and the property destroyed. But, really, I cannot see it in that light. Cool reflection will arrive at the truth that the lesson could have been more easily learned, and that it is not much of a lesson, anyhow.

BY the way, what is the lesson that has been learned? That the Government must take hold now and do something, so that capital and labor shall never again be permitted to fight those disputes out between themselves. ONCE A WEEK has protested against that week after week since the Homestead lesson. It is also claimed that organized labor has found out how strong it is, and—I take the liberty to add—how weak.

THESE and the other lessons claimed are not worth a single human life. But, why is organized labor strong? Or why is it weak? I find a triumvirate—Debs, Sovereign and Gompers—at the head of what may be called the Liberal Trades Unionists. Arthur, Sargent and Wilkinson form another triumvirate, at the head of three Conservative Brotherhoods. You cannot drive the aristocratic instinct out of even railroad men, who are the most democratic of mortals in general and in every-day life. There is no use denying it. These Brotherhoods have a "superior" feeling. They are in favor of close relations with their employers. They do not wish to mingle with the hoi polloi of the industrial world, not even with the hoi polloi of the railroad fraternity. I do not propose to be a prophet of evil in what I am about to say, but rather a prophet of good tidings. The Brotherhoods cannot and will not affiliate with the Liberal Trades Unionists, presided over by Gompers, Debs and Sovereign. The Brotherhoods are advanced types of the trades union. They are almost ready to become Joint-Stock Labor Unions. They have individual wealth and can readily change it to corporate wealth—as other capitalists are doing.

LET me caution Sovereign, Debs and Gompers against antagonizing them, or expecting that they will affiliate. The Brotherhoods are, largely, what they must be. They are certainly the most successful of Trades Unions. The Liberal Trades Unionists have it in their power to do their one own particular and necessary work, which the Brotherhoods could not, and would not, do—namely, Draw in the wage-worker from the four corners of the industrial world.

I HAVE noticed that some of the Brotherhood officials have thought it their duty to criticize Debs and Sovereign, and even to say unkind words about them. Such words are never needed by organized labor. We have a vigilant, non-communistic daily press. You know? They will attend to that. It was Chief Arthur, I believe, who said that engineers would not be obliged to take trains out with green brakemen, after A. R. U. men went on strike. This the veteran Chief put upon the broad and tenable ground that the engineer need not endanger his life. That was well said, and well reasoned, and did not necessarily imply either hostility or friendship for either Debs or the Railroad Managers. When the young Chief Wilkinson spoke about the A. R. U., he was not quite so discreet—and I am afraid he will never butter many parsnips. A discreet tongue and a careful mouth are sometimes learned as lessons in such strikes as the alleged late lamented.

YOU are aware, of course, that ONCE A WEEK is Union all the way through. For that reason dissensions, bickerings, and pulling cross-ways among labor organizations are always discountenanced in these columns and in practice. But all cannot think alike. I propose to let the Brotherhoods continue Conservative. Let them grow and develop as they may along that line. Along a line parallel thereto let the Knights, the American Railway Union and the American Federation of Labor grow in strength and membership as Liberals in the industrial world. Organized labor will need them both. The Brotherhood will not be allowed to become too slow; and the Liberals must not go too fast. The former will act as a check, the latter as a spur. When the Joint-Stock Labor Union comes, to wind up all these strikes and boycotts, the Liberals will have a bigger membership and capital stock than the Brotherhoods; though the latter may have more heavy shareholders, for their numbers.

UTAH is coming into the Union one of these days leaving polygamy on the steps. The great Mormon Temple has been purified.

A TRACT of prairie land, fifty by seventy miles, was burned over in South Dakota in twenty-three hours last week. A settlement of Russians was wiped out.



MR. HERBERT WILBER GREENE.



MR. ALEXANDER LAMBERT.

Portraits are herewith given of Mr. Alexander Lambert, director of the New York College of Music, and Mr. Herbert Wilber Greene, secretary of the Metropolitan College of Music, who kindly acted as a special committee to decide the result of the late Musical Competition in ONCE A WEEK. The portrait of the successful candidate in the competition, Mr. H. A. Higby of Denison, Tex., is also given.

TURKEY, not being a hard-working country like this, has earthquakes instead of labor troubles. All the buildings on the Island of Antigonis, except the monasteries of the orthodox Greek Church, have been wrecked, and the loss of life will reach two hundred. It is believed that Constantinople and vicinity was not the centre of the disturbance, and that the loss of life in the provinces, from which no tidings have been received, must have been very great.



MR. H. A. HIGBY.



MADAME HANNAH KISBANY KORANY.—(SEE PAGE 15.)



UNCLE SAM'S NEW SHIRT.
CLEVELAND—"Fo' de Lawd! How dat big shirt has shrunk in de washing."



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.
Commander of the Army of the United States.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING THE RAILROAD STRIKE.

THE FATE OF LEON MADURA.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

WE were four of us on Fogo's veranda. Fogo had had a cocktail served to us soon after our arrival; then, as Madura still delayed, we had another; and some of us began to smoke cigarettes—a practice of which I disapprove, especially before dinner. It got to be half-past seven, and still no Madura.

"Gentlemen," at length said Fogo, "Mr. Madura is my client, and I have known him for a dozen years; and I'm bound to say, in his defense, that I never before knew him to be late to either a dinner or a business appointment. The present occasion being both a business appointment and a dinner, I am the less able to account for his delay. I am sure, at least, that it must be unavoidable on his part—in fact, Mr. Bligh," he added, turning himself in his chair to address that gentleman, "my client, as you are aware, was even more urgent to conclude this transaction with the parties you represent than were you."

"Well, I understood he wanted to clinch the thing, certainly," said Bligh, while two columns of smoke ascended from his nostrils. "But the evening is young yet."

"The dinner is aging fast, though," remarked Kilgore, the legal representative of Bligh. "Fogo, my boy, I don't want to bully a man in his own house, but why not let us combine our waiting for Madura with the eating of your excellent-smelling dinner? Our being hungry won't hasten his arrival, and when he does get here you and he will have the advantage of finding the parties of the other part in a good-humor."

"Gentlemen," said Fogo, "my distinguished colleague has expressed my sentiments, and, if you are all agreeable, suppose we walk in and take our places. A watched pot never boils, you know—ha! ha!—and I dare say my client will appear before we have swallowed our soup. Mr. Bligh, take my arm, if you please."

Fogo is an awfully long-winded old chap; but he has the essential virtues, not the least of which is the giving of first-rate dinners. Kilgore and I followed on behind the host and the chief guest with cheerful steps, and we all sat down at the table. Fogo was at the head, Bligh on his right and I on his left. The fifth chair was vacant. It was a round table, and very neatly and prettily set out.

I may as well take this opportunity to explain what all this was about. Bligh (whom I had known in the States) was the agent of a firm of manufacturers of patent machinery, and he had come to make over to Madura, for a certain rather large sum of money, some machines for the manufacture of coffee, together with the exclusive right in the island to the use of the same for a period of years. Madura was an extensive coffee-grower, and was reputed to be a man of large wealth; he certainly owned a big estate and employed a great number of workmen, and he had the aspect and manners of a millionaire. But, of course, there were not wanting persons to say that he spent more than he earned, and that all his property was mortgaged, and that it was only a question of time when he came an awful cropper, and so forth. I had never seen him, but he was described as a handsome man of five-and-forty, very polished and elegant in his address. His nationality was not known; his name sounded Spanish, but he spoke English without an accent. He had money to his credit in a bank at Kingston, but was understood to keep the bulk of his fortune in London.

At the time I write of the preliminaries had been settled, and Madura was to meet Bligh at this dinner, and, in the presence of Fogo and Kilgore—their respective lawyers—was to pay down the sum of money agreed upon. There had been no question as to his intention and ability to do this; but some other parties had been bidders against him for the monopoly of the machinery, and, were he to fail to come to time, these people would get the reversion. I have only to add that Kilgore was a clever and energetic young Irishman, with an aggressive nose and a face like a prelate, smooth-shaven but for a slight whisker under the ear; and Fogo was a seasoned old vessel of sixty-five or so, with the respectability and the complexion of a duke's butler. As for me, I was just nobody; present as a friend of Bligh's, and also, doubtless, in consideration of the charms of my conversation.

The dinner was admirable, and there was good sound claret, fair champagne and a really wonderful Madeira. We did not hurry ourselves in the least; I believe we were three or four hours at table, and I was almost ready to buy Bligh's machinery myself and see about getting an estate to use it on the next morning. With each course we looked for Madura; but he came not, and we all agreed it was very mysterious and provoking. At length we lit our cigars and returned to the veranda, and were just comfortably settled, each with a glass of some good-smelling mixture on the arm of his lounging-chair, when a buggy drove up to the door, and we all grunted and said: "There he is at last!"

Old Fogo went waddling off to conduct his belated guest in; but when they came back the new-comer turned out not to be Madura, after all, but a man named Derwent, who, it appeared, was the representative of the people who had bid against Madura. It further appeared that he was as much surprised not to find Madura with us as we were to find that he was not Madura.

"In fact," said Derwent, after he had been supplied with the good things we were enjoying, and had got his heels on the veranda railing, "I came here on purpose to see him. My folks had a proposition to submit to him about this same affair."

"When did you last see him?" inquired Kilgore.

"Who, Madura? Why, early this morning, just as he was setting out to come down here. I was taking a ride in that neighborhood and stepped in. He ought to have got the train before the one I took. It's very odd."

From the talk that now followed (in which my own

conversational powers had no opportunity to expand) I gathered certain facts of the situation. The house—"Trinidad" was its name—where Derwent had that morning seen Madura was a summer retreat of the latter's among the mountains in a remote quarter, fifteen miles from the railway station. At the moment of Derwent's arrival there, he had been in the act of dispatching his overseer with the money to pay the hands on the estate their weekly wages. This overseer, Poinsett by name, had been in his employ seven years, and was a trustworthy man—a native of the island, but a white man. He had to carry the money a distance of nine miles to the plantation where the men were awaiting it. This was not the usual procedure; the money was usually sent direct to the plantation from Kingston. The road from "Trinidad" thither which Poinsett would have to travel was a lonely one, but he had no apprehensions; highway robberies in Jamaica are very rare.

After Poinsett had got his package and set out, Madura (as Derwent went on to say), had got on his own horse, appearing to be in haste. "I can't attend to that question now," he had said to Derwent; "but I dine at Fogo's this evening. Drop in after dinner, and perhaps we may be able to do something." Hence Derwent's attendance. With this, Madura had ridden off, not following Poinsett, but in the direction of the railway, the two roads diverging at that point at an angle of about thirty degrees. Such was the substance of Derwent's artless tale.

At midnight our party broke up, with no signs of Madura. Derwent wanted Bligh to agree to give him the machinery; but Bligh, in opposition to Kilgore's advice, said he would do nothing until he knew for certain that Madura had retired from the affair. Probably Madura would communicate with him, either in person or by letter, the next day.

When I awoke the next day I had but an imperfect recollection of the events of the night before; I had a headache, due, without doubt, to that cigarette I smoked before dinner. I took a bath in the swimming tank, ate a very light breakfast, and lay on a Japanese extension-chair behind the jalousies on the north gallery. It was a very hot day. Nothing happened. I went to bed early, and rose the next morning feeling all right. About four o'clock that afternoon in bounced Bligh, full of life, as usual, with the atmosphere of Broadway and the Equitable about him.

His appearance recalled to my mind the Madura affair.

"Well, is [that all settled?] I inquired. "By the way, what became of him the other night?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" exclaimed Bligh, in his heady, American voice, and with a lack of originality that depressed me. As I did not reply, he went on: "The fellow's vanished. Hide nor hair of him anywhere. So has Poinsett."

"Who is Poinsett?" I interposed.

"Madura's foreman—his overseer, you know. Disappeared, with several thousand dollars cash. Madura probably had the money on him which he meant to pay me night before last. Murder and robbery! Where the deuce do you keep your cigars?"

I told him, and said:

"Sit down and be calm, and explain yourself. Do you know all this, or are you surmising?"

"I tell you, the circumstances point to murder and robbery. Bodies haven't been found yet, but we are going up to follow the trail; and what I've come to find out is, whether you'll go with us? We start to-morrow morning, first train."

After some more conversation I agreed to go, and Bligh, leaving my half-smoked cigar on the ash-tray with the remark that it was a d-d bad one (he is in the habit of smoking *El de Shino Perfectos* at thirty cents apiece, I suppose), bounced out again.

It is a good deal of a journey to "Trinidad," and we did not get there till about three in the afternoon—a Tuesday, if I remember right. As Madura had not been heard of since Saturday morning, there had elapsed more than three days. The scent would be getting cold.

Poinsett had not been heard from, either, since he left the house, just before Madura. The hands of the estate had not been paid, and were in a very unruly state of mind—so report said. There were, we learned, a good many "bad" men among them; mulattoes from Cuba and elsewhere, and especially a fellow named Ayala, a Malay or Hindu, who had a quarrel with Poinsett a week or two before, and who was just the man to knife him. As both Poinsett and Madura had vanished simultaneously, it was natural to fancy that the same cause might have removed them both; but Kilgore, who made the fourth in the party of Bligh, Derwent and myself—old Fogo had been quite upset by the affair, and was too old for such expeditions, anyway—Kilgore pointed out that this was unlikely, inasmuch as they had traveled on diverging roads. Besides, Ayala would have no object in killing Madura, nor would he get any money by it; for the sum which Madura had in his possession to pay Bligh with had doubtless been in the form of a certified check. Whatever their fates, they had probably met them separately, and it was only a coincidence that they had occurred at the same time.

"Has anything transpired concerning the condition of Madura's bank-account and his financial situation generally?" It was I myself who put this sagacious query.

"Oh, he was well enough fixed, I guess," Bligh opined.

"I confess I know nothing about it, Fogo may, but I doubt whether he's cleared out, if that's what you're driving at," said Kilgore. "This isn't as easy a place as some to get away from; we have no Canada handy, don't you know."

After due deliberation, it was decided to follow Madura's trail first. The groom at the house told us he had ridden a horse which had a broken shoe on the near fore-foot. I began to feel like one of the frontiersmen in a dime novel. As a matter of fact, this hint served us well. There had been a rain on the night before his departure, and, as the road was very little used, and chiefly by bare-foot negroes, we were able to trace every once in a while the mark of the broken shoe. Bligh, who had actually had some experience as a cowboy, or something of that sort, in his fiery youth, said

that Madura had ridden at a full gallop. We went at a slow trot, occasionally subsiding into a walk. A couple of negro lads accompanied us on foot. It occurred to me to ask whether the bad man, Ayala, had been arrested on suspicion.

"I believe they tried for him," said Derwent, "but he got off. He's a desperate fellow, too, and some of our local rural police are a bit timid—not equal to your Byrneses, you know."

"Such fellows ought to be hanged as soon as they arrive in a country, without waiting till they do the thing they are hanged for," said Bligh. "I wish we followed that system in the States."

"Hanging's old-fashioned with you nowadays, I hear," said Kilgore. "Why not fetch 'em ashore from the emigrant ship in an electric launch, and land 'em so many corpses, each done up neatly in his coffin?"

"Neither electrocution nor hanging please me as punishments for murder," I remarked. "In fact, the right penalty—the one which would at once punish the murderer and deter others from murder has never yet been discovered or applied."

"Bless my soul! and what may that be?" inquired Derwent.

"I would condemn the murderer to solitary imprisonment with the body of his victim. He should be allowed to see and commune with nothing but that corpse and the four walls of his cell until he died."

"How if your murderer happened to be a Fiji cannibal?" demanded Bligh, with his Broadway irreverence.

"With a barrel of whisky, I'd risk it," said Kilgore.

Derwent remained for a while in deep thought. At last he rode beside me, and said, confidentially: "Your plan wouldn't work—at least, not as a universal rule. You see, you forgot one important point—the murder is often not discovered till long after it was committed; or, if it has been, the body may have been buried or even cremated long before the murderer is apprehended. In either case, don't you see, he would escape?"

"I see! I might have thought of that. You are an Englishman, are you not?"

"I am; but why do you ask?"

But I only gazed at him in an abstracted way, and did not reply.

One of our negro forerunners here came back to say that the trail had not been visible for several rods back. "What?—that's bad!" exclaimed Bligh. "We've all of us been riding over it. Where did you see it last, boy?"

The two lads compared notes, but disagreed. Bligh looked about, and desisted, high up on the right side of the road amid the trees, the thatched roof of a hut.

"Run up there," he commanded, "and tell the man who lives there that we want to see him—lively, now!"

We waited, and presently, in response to the summons, a tall, bony darkey, with a round, inquiring countenance, appeared at the side of the road at the point where the foot-path up to his dwelling debouched upon it.

"Come here, my man," said Bligh, encouragingly. "Do you want to earn sixpence?"

The man smiled, and hitched himself along toward us.

"Well, look at me. You were around here early last Saturday morning, weren't you? I thought so! Did you see a gentleman riding along the road about half-past six o'clock?"

"Gen'leman on a black ho'se, sah, wid a white hat? Oh yes, sah, I see him; he come along mighty fas', sah. He Massa Madura, I tink, sah. Go in dah, sah"—and he pointed to the entrance of a mule-track on the left side of the road, which we had not before noticed.

"Oh, he did, eh? Was he alone?"

"Oh, yes, sah!—No, sah—man come along going oder way—go in dere after him, sah."

"What sort of a man?"

"Coolie man, sah; yes, sah!"

Bligh, with a very self-complacent expression, put his hand in his waistcoat pocket and gave the man his sixpence. He felt, I suppose, like a cross between Lecoq and a Sioux scout; nothing could elude his natural genius and trained penetration.

"It looks to me, gentlemen," said he, "as if we weren't far from what we're after. The coolie is Ayala, and probably the body of poor Madura is somewhere along that path."

"But why should he have turned into that path?" asked I.

"Because it led him to where he was going—wherever that may have been. Where does it go?" he asked one of our negroes.

"To de oder road, sah."

"You mean the road to the plantation—the one that Poinsett took?" inquired Kilgore.

"Yes, sah."

"What should he want to go there for?" asked Derwent. "How far is it across there, boy?"

"Oh, not too far, sah."

"He may have thought of something he wanted to say to Poinsett," Bligh suggested. "By riding fast, I presume he could intercept him by this route."

"And your notion is that Ayala saw him turn in and followed him to murder him?" said I.

"Have you any better theory?" he retorted. "Anyhow, he went down there, and it's our business, I take it, to track after him."

I had nothing to object to this, and we turned into the path accordingly.

(Concluded in next number.)

HER EYES.

I KNOW that she hath other charms—
Of them I dare not think:
Her tower-like neck, her rounded arms,
They lure to passion's brink.

To one fond thought my fancy keeps—
I dote but on her eyes:
I look into their crystal depths,
And that is paradise.

—HOWARD HALL.

"SUMMER HOMES"—A beautifully illustrated book, list of over 3,000 Summer Hotels and boarding-houses in Catskill Mountains and Northern New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jague, Gen'l Eastern Pass. Agt. West Shore R. R., 363 Broadway, N. Y., or free upon application.



TURNING from Newport the historical to Newport the resplendent is like leaving the dimness of a cathedral for a brilliantly lighted ball-room or the shady by-lane for the public square; and for the time being one is as dazed as was Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his twenty-years' dream of King George and British institutions to the customs and realities of a radical republic.

One who makes Newport his summer home does, indeed, roam "mid pleasures and palaces"—or, rather, he rushes through them with a vivaciousness worthy of this age of electricity; for the "pleasures" are so multifarious that he has no time to do anything so leisurely as "roaming."

Newport has been fitly called the City of Palaces. On the cliffs and downs above the old-fashioned town wealth has been poured out with lavish hand to make homes and surroundings the most marvelous in the world. The cunning and creative genius of the most famous architects have been exhausted, and the skill of lawn-gardeners put to the most supreme tests. Each year for a long period has seen actualized some design which seemed as wonderful as consummate art and almost supernatural skill could devise and execute, but which, in the succeeding year, has been surpassed by something more marvelous still; and one wonders if his eyes will ever behold the perfection of architectural beauty realized.

Probably no private dwelling can be found on this Continent so imposing and classic as Marble Hall, the mansion of William K. Vanderbilt, which was finished last year. Its Corinthian columns are the perfection of grace, and the carving of the balustrade surrounding the promenade on the roof is a chiseled poem. The arched windows on either side have semicircular panels, which are adorned with medallions, the designs taken from Grecian mythology. The floors of the vestibule and great central hall are of yellow French marble, and the walls are of the same color and material. The ceiling of the hall is sixty feet high, and is arranged in panels on which are painted mythological scenes. This hall is an immense art gallery in itself, having statues, carvings and bass-reliefs without number.

The drawing-room is an imposing apartment, forty-eight by thirty feet, with walls of gold and crystal; plate-glass mirrors set in, and alternating with panels of gold foil. Its roof is covered with frescoed panels. The library is of Gothic design, and with its stalactites, its delicate carvings, its exquisite traceries, is a realized vision of beauty, an actualized dream of delight. Mrs. Vanderbilt's boudoir, which is thirty feet square, is finished in a wainscoting of black walnut surrounding panels of painted silk. A model of this room, which was shown in the Paris Salon in 1891, received the prize.

All the marble used in building the Hall was chiseled in Italy, and in its adornment only the best artists were employed. It was designed by the noted New York architect, Richard M. Hunt—brother of William Hunt, the artist—who considers the building of this palace and the Lenox Library his best work.

Two things are to be regretted about America's most imposing private dwelling—its location, and its owner's evident wish to hide it as much as possible from view. It sets very near the street, and has in front no more grounds than a common village cottage. It is shut in on either side by the Cornelius Vanderbilt and Astor houses, and the lower front stories are nearly hidden by a fence twenty feet high, which, costly and handsome as it is in itself, gives the mansion the look of a public institution. The location of the Hall is a fashionable one, but not one to exhibit its real grandeur and beauty.

A villa which is regarded by many as more beautiful, if less classic, than Marble Hall is Edgewater, the million-dollar mansion of Ogden Golet of New York. The soft-looking Indiana limestone of which it is built is less tiresome to the eyes than the glare of marble, and the large grounds which surround it give it the additional advantage of a harmonious setting. It has in front a facade composed of arched windows over arched doors, on either side of which is a tower of three stories, and with three large windows.

The interior is a poem in color and design. Marvelous mosaics and wonderful frescoes are wrought into enchanting patterns, and it requires no special stretch of the imagination, while standing within the walls of this triumph of artistic skill, to imagine it one of the Arabian Nights palaces. The house is on Ochre Point, and its velvet lawn stretches down to the Cliff Walk, and it was first occupied during the season of '93.

A villa which is of special interest to lovers of the play is that of the late Charlotte Cushman, which, strangely enough, is built quite away from the water, on Catherine Street. This mansion is said to have been the great disappointment of Miss Cushman's life, and it is averred that her despair over it actually shortened her days. Not wishing to be troubled with the details of its design and construction, she left the entire matter to Architect Hunt, and never saw the house till it was ready for occupancy. Its small rooms and innumerable windows were utterly distasteful to her, and she was far from happy in the costly summer home to which she had looked forward with such glowing expectations.

Opposite the Casino, on Bellevue Avenue, is a large, lonely-looking house owned by James Gordon Bennett, who seldom occupies it, as he usually goes abroad, or spends his summers elsewhere in America.

Fairlawn, on Bellevue Avenue, formerly the property of Vice-President Morton, is now owned by J. Townsend Burden of New York, who has remodeled it into a handsome villa.

One of the handsomest of Newport houses is the magnificent stone villa, "Greystone," of John W. Wyman of New York. The grounds, with their rare plants and ornamental shrubs, are among the most charming

in the city. A low granite wall bounds the lawn, and on either side of the entrance are beautifully chiseled gate-posts, on one of which is cut, in raised letters, the name of the villa.

Passing the mansion of Louis L. Lorillard, on Ochre Point Avenue, the house once owned by Catherine Wolfe, one is reminded that almost all the land which can be seen from this residence was once the property of the celebrated American jurist, William Beach Lawrence, who died in 1881. This territory of sixty-nine acres was bought by Mr. Lawrence previous to 1850 for twelve thousand dollars. The last sale from the plat was to Miss Wolfe, who bought the old Lawrence homestead for a hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars, and tore it down to make room for the present Lorillard mansion.

Among the modern villas one of the most imposing is that of William H. Osgood, with its solid granite walls, its wide piazza with its seven graceful arches, its arched portico, covering a part of the driveway, its lofty apartments with their elegant appointments, and its wide and artistic grounds.

People driving toward the famous Purgatory stop their carriages before a vine-covered, red-roofed, unkept-looking house, perched like an eagle's eyrie on the crest of a high rock, where once dwelt, for the few summer weeks in which he could find leisure, the tragedian, Edwin Booth. For several seasons before its owner's death it was allowed to remain empty. Its weary master was overwhelmed by interested friends and equally interested lion-hunters, and so deserted Newport for the more quiet Narragansett, where, on the piazza of Rossmore Cottage—a simple wooden house on a quiet street—he sat day after day for several seasons, a man too old for his years, with dark face and glowing eyes, of whom some one aptly said a few months before his death: "He has lost his old fire, but he is a splendid ember."

Not far from Booth's is Berkeley Chapel, in which Mrs. Grossman, Mr. Booth's only daughter, has placed a beautiful stained glass window in memory of her mother, Mary Devlin Booth.

Rough Point, the summer home of Fred W. Vanderbilt, a long, irregular villa, is at the end of Bellevue Avenue, facing the cliffs. The scenery around it is wild and picturesque, and the waves rush upon the near rocks with a heavy shock and a sound like thunder.

A house where one may meet a good many interesting people is Edena Villa, on Washington Street, the home of Mrs. Milton H. Sanford. The house was built in 1870, and although destitute of architectural adornment, is, with its large rooms, its low windows with their broad seats, its box hedges and many vines, one of the most inviting places in Newport. Mrs. Sanford is a near relative of Kate Field, who shines as a star pre-eminent among the galaxy of American lecturers and journalists, and in this home is a room which was fitted up especially for Miss Field. Here is also entertained, during some portion of the season, Miss Lillian Whiting, whose editorial and contributive work have given her so enviable a place among literary workers, and who was chosen by the Massachusetts Press Club to give the leading paper before the world's assembled journalists at the Columbian Exposition.

An important building in Newport is the Casino, on Bellevue Avenue. It was built in 1880, by James Gordon Bennett. It is owned by a corporation composed of the wealthiest of Newport's summer residents, among the whom a large majority are thrice millionaires. Its private club for members reminds one of the Roman baths; for it is here that the elite daily gather to hear the news, gossip over society affairs, and listen to the delightful music which is here furnished.

But there is a part of Newport which has, by written articles or otherwise, been little touched upon, but which one can but predict will be regarded in the near future as Newport the Grand—a territory so bold and wild, so bestrewn with boulders, that one is ready to believe that it was here that Orpheus called down the rocks with his magic flute. This large tract of land is between the ocean and the bay, and stretches far out into the water.

On a headland, known as Price's Neck, around which the waves dash in magnificent fury, is the United States Life-Saving Station, where men and boats wait in momentary readiness to be summoned to service.

The villas built upon these uplands are the most grand and substantial in Newport—one might say in the world. On one of the boldest peaks of this region is Indian Spring Castle, the new mansion of Mr. Joseph Busk of New York. When the rains descend and the winds blow upon that house one may feel sure that it will stand; for it is built of granite, and its foundation is forty feet of solid rock. It looks, with its many turrets and towers, as though it were fashioned after some castle on the Rhine, as it may well have been.

On Brenton's Reef is the villa of Mr. Theodore M. Davis, the New York banker. This reef makes out into the water for a long distance, and at its outer edge is moored the lightship to warn the mariner of dangers lurking beneath the surges which beat so angrily against the shore.

The next villa is that of Ross W. Winans, the Baltimore millionaire, which is appropriately named Bleak House.

On one of the highest rocks in this place of boulders is the elegant mansion of Mr. Edward D. Morgan of New York. This villa, Beacon Rock, is built in a solid boulder. It commands a magnificent view of Narragansett Bay and the harbor. At low tide there can be seen the wrecks of three vessels which have gone to pieces on this jagged coast, one of which, the *Bessie Rogers*, Mr. Morgan has utilized for a boathouse.

These gray stone structures in their picturesque setting remind one of Scotland's castles, and one half expects to see the moat and drawbridge used as—

"In days of old, when knights were bold,
And barons held their sway."

If one would realize in imagination the scenes pictured in "Lorna Doone," he has but to fancy himself in one of these castles in winter, with the sea blast sweeping around the building, while the booming of the waves, which hurl themselves against Brenton's Reef and Castle Hill, is answered by the hoarse thundering of the surges on Price's Neck.

The driveways leading up to these villas resemble Roman roads, being, as they are, for the most part, hewn out of the solid rock.

The Cliffs, one of the chief glories of Newport, are the world's strolling-ground. An old State law which gives them as a permanent possession to the people, forbids any part of them becoming private grounds, and thus the purple and fine linen of the billionaires brushes against the homespun and cotton of the laboring classes, who have, by strict economy, put by that which will enable them to enjoy for a brief season the refreshing breezes borne on the crest of waves from some far-off iceberg, and to glory in the glint of the waves and the soft fire of sunset which glows upon the strong, green waves along the shore. Many of the poor people who use the Cliff Walk and the landing beach are fishermen, reminding one of a certain Nazarene who chose his followers from among the fishermen, and of scenes which took place on the banks of the blue Gennesaret.

The festivities of Newport are but the summer serving-up of the midwinter gayeties of other cities. The old-time stateliness of entertaining and being entertained has been done away with by a society which must hurry from one gathering to another, and make time to change its apparel as many times a day as the chameleon is supposed to change its hue in a year. From the setting of the sun to very nearly the rising thereof there is "a sound of revelry by night," and how society women preserve a vestige of their strength is a secret which heaven keeps to itself.

At eleven o'clock all the fashionable Newport world goes into the water, making, with its many-hued suits and caps, combined with the green tint of the waves, a sort of animated rainbow with all its colors plainly visible.

At five this same fashionable world goes driving, and between this hour and seven every kind of vehicle, from the light dog-cart to the elaborate family carriage, is seen on Bellevue Avenue. Probably nowhere in the world are exhibited finer equipages than at Newport. Blooded horses worth a king's ransom, and caparisoned in a manner befitting their pedigree, draw carriages bought with a price which would sound fabulous in a poor man's ear, and which are guided and guarded by coachmen and footmen arrayed with considerably more gorgeousness than was Solomon in all his glory.

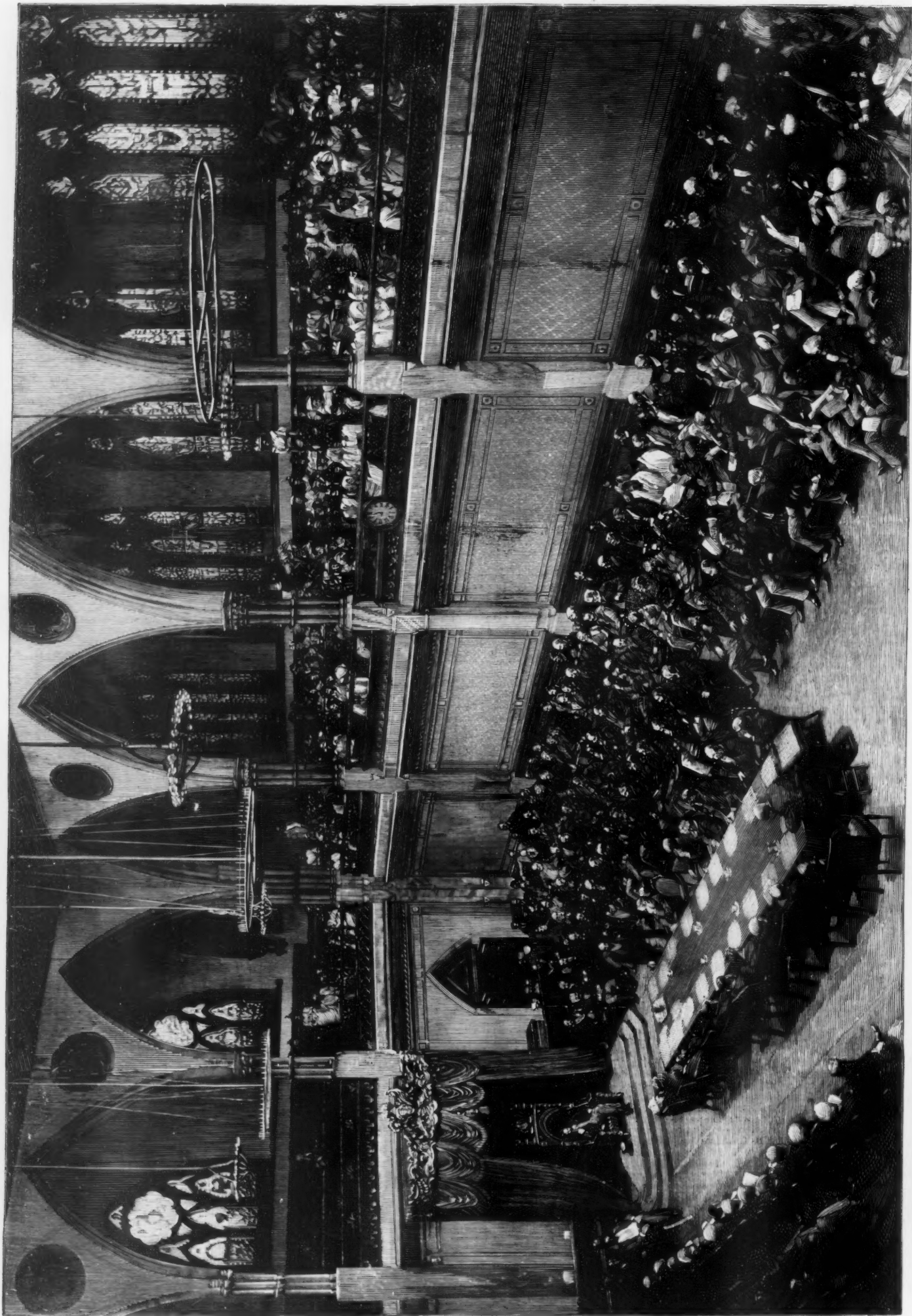
Coaching parties have become popular of late years, and nearly every pleasant day during the season a gay party rolls away from the Casino—which is the starting-point—to explore some distant spot, or to picnic in some grove outside the city.

Celebrities are too common in Newport to attract any extraordinary amount of attention. If familiarity does not "create contempt," it induces indifference.

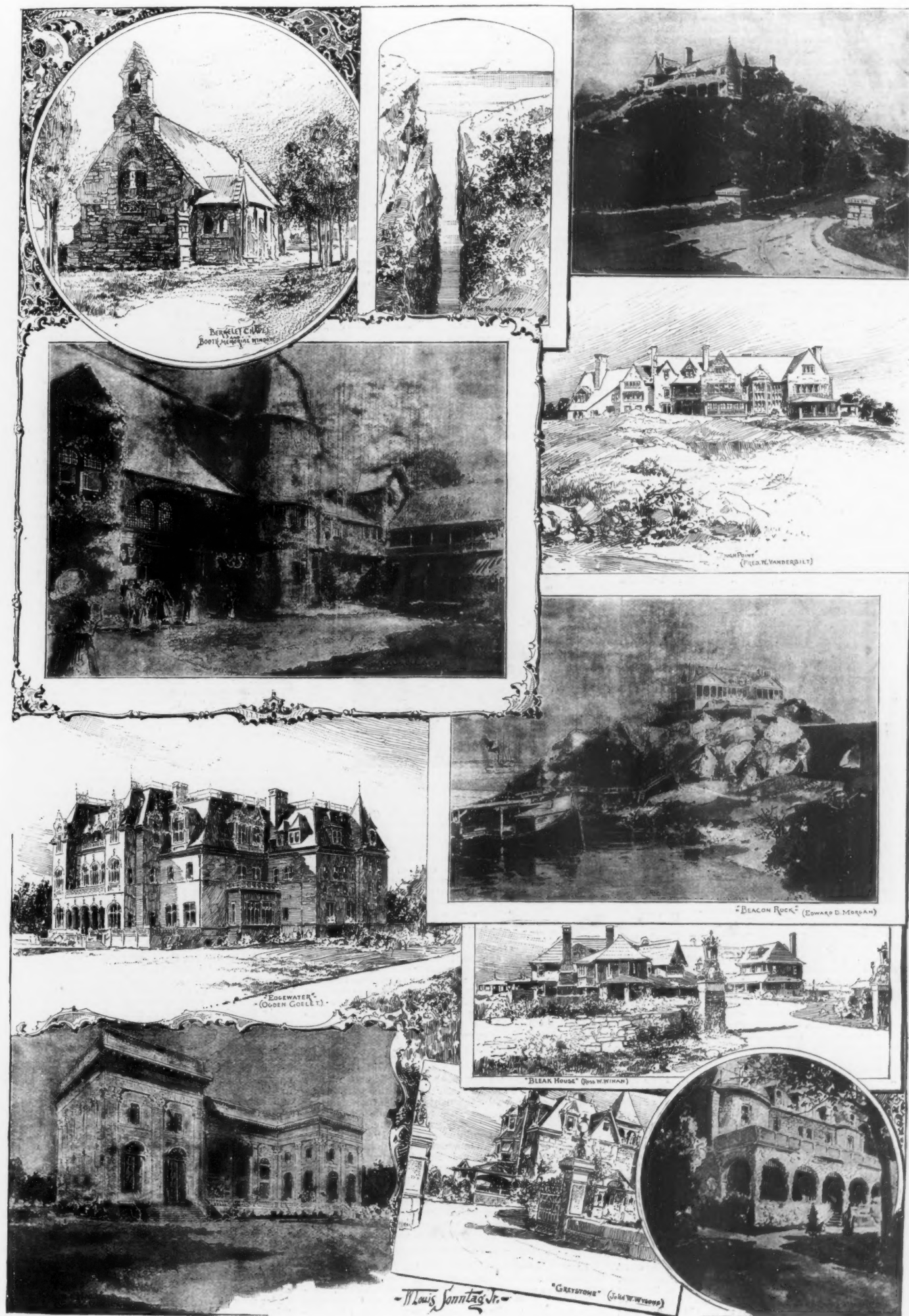
To man, who has so lavishly exchanged his gold for beauty and grace, much of Newport's delight is due; but the charms which were hers before Art built its temples upon her shores and wealth reared its monuments within her borders, and which will continue though these become things that were, are the sea which surrounds her and the cliffs which will not fade away. (See page 9.)

OPENING OF THE INTER-COLONIAL CONFERENCE AT OTTAWA.

KEY TO PICTURE.—The illustration on page 8 gives a view of the interior of the Senate Chamber at Ottawa on the occasion of the inauguration of the Inter-Colonial Conference. The Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, occupies the Speaker's chair. At each side of the long table in the centre the delegates are seated. The first to the right of Lord Aberdeen is Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Trade and Commerce, and President of the Conference. Opposite Mr. Bowell, and the first to the left of Lord Aberdeen, is the Earl of Jersey, the imperial delegate. He is not seen in the photograph, being obscured by the Hon. Nicholas Fitzgerald, who is standing in the act of addressing the Conference. The remaining delegates are seated in the following order, beginning with Hon. Mackenzie Bowell (1) to the right of Lord Aberdeen: 2. Hon. J. B. Sutor, Vice-right of Lord Aberdeen; 3. Hon. J. B. Sutor, Vice-right of Lord Aberdeen; 4. Hon. J. B. Sutor, Vice-right of Lord Aberdeen; 5. Hon. J. B. 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OPENING OF THE INTER-COLONIAL CONFERENCE AT OTTAWA. — (See page 7.)



NEWPORT OF TO-DAY.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by SONNTAG, JR.—See page 7.)

A FORGOTTEN CANDIDATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20.—A good many people whose political memories run back to the national campaigns of 1888 and 1884 would like to know, perhaps, what has become of that most impossible Presidential candidate of those years, Belva Lockwood. For was not Belva the candidate of the Equal Rights' Party, and is not the cause of Equal Rights more conspicuous to-day than it ever has been in the history of the world before?

Belva Lockwood, practicing attorney, lecturer and one-time candidate for the Presidency, is quietly pursuing her career as a lawyer in the city of Washington. Her business is largely dealing with claims cases. She seldom goes into the courts. Recently she tried to try a case in a court in Richmond, Va., and she was denied admittance to the bar there. This did not discourage Mrs. Lockwood, though. She has been through so much experience of a like character that she never lets a little setback worry her for a minute. She has a record of conquest in the Supreme Court of the United States, and she always knows that if people will not hear her in Richmond, Va., she can gain a hearing in the highest tribunal in the United States. There is some consolation in that.

Mrs. Lockwood is almost sixty-four years old. She is one of the few public women of record whose birthdate is to be found in published biographies. She was born in Niagara County, New York, in October, 1830. Her father was a farmer, and her opportunities for education were limited. She began a public career forty-one years ago—she taught the District school. Five years later she married Uriah McNall, a farmer. McNall's child, Mrs. Laura Ormes, is the junior member of the firm of Belva Lockwood & Co. to-day. Mr. McNall died five years after their marriage. Then Mrs. McNall started in on her long-neglected education. She went to Gessport Academy, then taught for two years, and then took a course at Genesee Wesleyan College, Syracuse. She taught for a time in New York State, and then came to Washington and established a school, in which her daughter assisted her. Meantime, Mrs. McNall married Dr. Ezekiel Lockwood, and a few years later she began the study of law at the National Law University in this city. She graduated in 1873 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Then she started into the practice of law and the unequal struggle for equal rights. The liberal advertising which she received at the hands of the newspapers counteracted, in some degree, the disadvantages to which her sex subjected her. But she has had a pretty hard time, and it is an evidence of her indomitable pluck that she has succeeded in overcoming so much of the sex-prejudice against which she had to contend.

There are two things which endear Belva Lockwood to the hearts of newspaper readers—the fact that she was the first woman admitted to practice at the Supreme Court bar, and the less worthy but quite as conspicuous fact that she introduced tricycle-riding by her sex. Visitors to the Washington of fifteen years ago remember the resolute-looking woman in black pedaling her tricycle along F Street and down Pennsylvania Avenue—an odd sight at that time. Mrs. Lockwood has abandoned her tricycle now, and many hundreds of Washington women ride the bicycle over the smooth asphalt pavements here; but Mrs. Lockwood will always be remembered as the pioneer woman on wheels at the National Capital.

That other more noteworthy achievement—the admission of Mrs. Lockwood to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States—had its remote practical benefit; but its immediate effect was simply to bring the woman-lawyer into greater prominence. What this privilege, for which her sex have to thank Mrs. Lockwood, will ever do for the advancement of woman, is yet to be seen. As a matter of fact, though eight women now have the right to practice before the Supreme Court, no woman has ever availed herself of that right in a practical way. Admission to the Supreme Court bar is merely a means of gaining additional notoriety now, though there is no doubt that Mrs. Lockwood seriously contemplated making a practical use of her privilege when she persuaded Congress to grant it.

The law admitting women to Supreme Court practice was passed in 1879, and signed by President Hayes on the 15th of February. John M. Glover of Missouri introduced the bill in the House, November 5, 1877. Benjamin Butler reported it to the House from the committee, February 21, 1878, and it passed the House the same day. The vote was 169 to 87. Among those who constituted the majority were Henry W. Blair, that persistent friend of the working-woman, now again a member of the House; John B. Clark, Jr., afterward Clerk of the House for many years; the late Omar D. Conger, who was promoted to the Senate a little later by the Michigan Legislature; Charles Foster, late Secretary of the Treasury; W. P. Frye and Eugene Hale, the present Senators from Maine; the late Carter Harrison of Chicago; Frank Hiseock, the ex-Senator from New York; J. Warren Keifer of Ohio, who was Speaker of the House in a succeeding Congress; the late W. D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, then the "Father of the House"; William McKinley, Jr., now Governor of Ohio; J. Proctor Knott, afterward Governor of Kentucky; L. S. Metcalf of Missouri, who was Appraiser of Merchandise at St. Louis under the last Administration; Robert Smalls, the colored ex-Congressman from South Carolina; and Alexander H. Stephens. The only members of the present House who voted for the bill were Thomas B. Reed of Maine, William M. Springer of Illinois, and Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois.

There does not seem to have been any fatality connected with the opposition to the bill, for many of the men who voted against it were conspicuous afterward in high political office. There were Joe Blackburn, now Senator from Kentucky; Roger Q. Mills, Senator from Texas; T. T. Crittenden, afterward Governor of Missouri, and now Consul-General at the City of Mexico; the late John E. Kenna, Senator from West Virginia; the late Randall Gibson, Senator from Louisiana; the late "Sunset" Cox, and John H. Reagan, afterward Senator, State Railroad Commissioner, and probably the next Governor of Texas.

The Senate, with its usual conservatism, did not take

the bill up for a year after its passage by the House. Even then it would probably have failed of consideration but for the vigorous work of Senator McDonald of Indiana. He insisted that it be considered, and on the 7th of February, 1879, a vote being taken on the question of consideration, it was decided by a vote of 31 to 20, and, after some debate, the bill passed the Senate by a vote of 40 to 20 in the form in which it passed the House. Mr. Allison, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Hoar, Mr. Jones of Nevada, Mr. Teller, Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Ransom were among the present members of the Senate who were present and voted for the bill. James G. Blaine voted for it; so did Richard Oglesby of Illinois, William Windom of Minnesota, John J. Ingalls of Kansas, James Beck of Kentucky, and Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts. Mr. Harris and Mr. Morgan are the only present members of the Senate who voted in the negative.

The law says that "any woman who shall have been a member of the highest court of any State or Territory or of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia for the space of three years, and shall have maintained a good standing before such courts, and who shall be a person of good moral character, shall, on notice and the production of such record, be admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States." Mrs. Lockwood was eligible immediately after the passage of the law, and she gave due notice, and on the 3d of March, 1879, was admitted to the Supreme Court bar. It was a great triumph for woman.

No other member of her sex was admitted to the Supreme Court for nearly six years. Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon of California was the next to apply. She was admitted February 2, 1885. Then followed Mrs. Ada Bittenbender of Nebraska, October 15, 1888; Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore of Pennsylvania, January 8, 1890; Mrs. Clara S. Foltz of California, March 4, 1890; Mrs. Lelia R. Sawtelle of Massachusetts, April 8, 1890; Emma M. Gillett, April 8, 1890, and Miss Kate Kane of Chicago, May 26, 1890. Miss Kane, by the way, is the attorney with a record of throwing an inkstand at the head of a judge in a court in which she was practicing.



BELVA LOCKWOOD.

There is more fiction than fact in the statement that these women "practice" before the Supreme Court. Only one of them has ever appeared as counsel in a case before that court, and she has addressed the court but once. This solitary practitioner is Mrs. Lockwood, and she has been associated with counsel five or six times in cases pending in the Supreme Court. It was more than six years after her admittance to the bar before she made an active appearance there. Then she was associated with Judge Lowell, a retired Circuit Judge, and with his son, John Lowell, Jr., in the case of Peter Graffam and H. F. Doble vs. Christine T. Burgess. The case came up from the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and was argued for the appellant by Judge Ranney of Massachusetts, for many years a member of Congress, and N. L. Graffam, a relative of one of the parties in interest. A great deal of curiosity was displayed as to the part Mrs. Lockwood would take in this case, and the dignified Justices of the Supreme Court viewed with some trepidation the possibility of a woman addressing them. But Mrs. Lockwood disappointed the curious. She did not appear in court during the trial.

The only time Mrs. Lockwood ever addressed the court was on a petition for a rehearing, which she presented and argued for five minutes before Justice Miller could stop her. She was informed that the petition was not a subject for oral argument, and she thereupon sat down. I believe that she has never made an attempt to gain the ear of the court since that time.

Mrs. Lockwood's candidacy for the Presidency was regarded, of course, as something of a joke. She was nominated by the California Equal Rights people, and she actually made a canvass; but her vote was never counted. It opened a place, for a time, in the lecture field, and Mrs. Lockwood made profitable use of her opportunities; but of late years she has found that it is more profitable to attend to business than to talk politics, and she is satisfied to remain a shining example of emancipated woman.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

LIGHT is breaking at last upon the Nicaragua Canal. But what a canal of that kind needs is a breaking of the ground, and a great deal of the same done quickly. Representative Mallory, of the Committee on Commerce, has submitted to the House a report favoring the construction of the canal.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS FOR CHILDREN.

THE "Cry of the Children" of New York is more likely to be one of joy and gratitude than a pitiful complaint such as Mrs. Browning voiced so eloquently for the hardly-treated little ones of her day and country. The numerous directions in which organized effort has labored in this city to rescue the young from the hardships of poverty and from evil associations are among the most pleasing evidences of the practical methods and far-seeing policy of modern philanthropy. With the workings of the most prominent institutions prepared for the reception of unfortunate little ones the public is already familiar through the frequent allusions of the daily press to their mission of mercy. Two, which have but lately been opened, and are, therefore, less widely known, are the Kensico Farm School for Waifs, recently established by the Children's Aid Society, with the generous co-operation of Mrs. Joseph M. White, at Kensico, Westchester County, and the Children's Fresh Air Resort, at Woody Crest, owned and conducted by Miss Helen Gould. Views of both these establishments are given in the illustrations on page 12.

The Kensico Farm School for Waifs is situated on high ground about a mile and a half from the Kensico Station. It is one hundred and twenty-five acres in extent, all of which are under cultivation. An old farm building, formerly known as "The Hall Place," serves temporarily as the home of the boys who have been admitted to the School; but a larger building is in course of construction, which, when completed, will be a spacious and well-equipped school capable of accommodating more than a hundred boys.

The object of the School is to prepare boys for farm life by practical training. Elementary classes are also held in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and geography. The School is non-sectarian, boys of all denominations being admitted. The religious instruction is, therefore, confined to informal talks given by the superintendent, Mr. A. H. Lewis, on Sundays.

Any boy who wishes to learn farming may go to the Kensico School for three months, at the end of which time he will be placed with a farmer in some part of the United States. As a rule, the boys find good homes with their employers, and many of them turn out as well as could be desired. Unless a boy is found to be industrious, truthful and obedient, he is not allowed to remain at the School. It is not pretended that the best disposed boys can acquire a thorough knowledge of farming in three months; but merely that in that time it is possible to initiate them into the details of the work that will be required of them, and to test their inclination and qualifications for the life.

There is a great demand for boys among the farmers all through the country, and those who have been tested and have received preliminary training will naturally be preferred to the raw material. The Kensico School, therefore, promises to be an unqualified success.

An interesting feature in connection with the dairy department at Kensico—a description of which will, perhaps, be new to many readers of ONCE A WEEK—is the cream-separator, shown in the illustration. It is worked in this way: The milk, as soon as taken from the cows, is placed in a tank at the top of the machine, which holds about four pailfuls. One of the older boys then turns the machine. As it is geared up very high, the central shell is made to revolve with great rapidity. The inner vessel is fed with milk by a faucet from the tank. The rapid revolution of the milk causes the water, or heavy portion, to settle to the bottom, whence it passes out through a spout on the back of the machine into a pail below, while the cream is forced to the top, out the spout and into a pail on the left. By this process the cream is taken from the entire milking of fifteen cows in about twenty minutes. This is only one of the improved farming machines the boys at Kensico have an opportunity of studying.

The Fresh Air Resort conducted by Miss Helen Gould is entirely the result of private enterprise on the part of this charitable young lady. A beautiful stretch of road, two miles east of Tarrytown, then a long and winding drive to the top of a rather steep hill, leads one to the comfortable-looking stone mansion, built twenty-five or thirty years ago, which was lately purchased by Miss Gould to serve as a summer resort for poor children from the metropolis. With an elevation of two hundred feet or more above the Hudson—which glistens in the distance, two miles away—and surrounded by native woods of great variety, this attractive house is appropriately named "Woody Crest."

At the time of writing, thirty little girls, from three to nine years of age, sent by the Five Points Mission, are enjoying a two weeks' visit to Woody Crest. The management of the house is intrusted to Mrs. Turner, the superintendent, who controls a staff of six assistants. Two of these are nurses, appointed to look after the little ones while at play, the remaining four being employed in discharging the household duties of the place.

Every provision has been made for the entertainment of the children, boys and girls, who visit the Resort in alternate batches, every two weeks. Swings, see-saws and hammocks delight the girls, while the boys have a special paradise in the shape of a workshop well provided with carpenters' tools, a printing-press, scroll saw, and other interesting contrivances to keep them amused and busy. A monthly paper, *The Woody Crest*, filled with local items, poems, clippings and matter generally interesting to the children, is an established feature of the Resort, and is conducted by the boys.

During their visit the children are instructed in singing and Kindergarten studies, while the larger girls are shown how to cook and sew. Miss Gould personally supervises the work, and takes a keen interest in the little ones, enjoying their pleasure, perhaps, as much as they do themselves. A number of improvements are under way at Woody Crest. When they are completed this charming little retreat will be quite an ideal Resort of its kind. Miss Gould's success in this interesting and beautiful enterprise ought to stimulate others of the fortunate rich class to imitate her noble example. There could not be too many houses like Woody Crest in the neighborhood of a city so densely populated in its poorer districts as New York.

THE MURDER OF CARNOT.

AS SEEN BY THE LIGHT OF ASTROLOGY.

ASTROLOGY, scoffed at and tabooed for two centuries, has, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, come again upon the earth, and it has come to stay. It is *fin de siècle*.

It is the standing challenge to astrology by unbelievers to predict Death. Not unreasonably is it said that, since the art lays claim to reading the past, the present and the future in every other particular, why should it not in this? That this is not the fault of astrology is shown by well-authenticated facts in the past. Many accurate predictions of death are chronicled, and all the astrological authorities print the indications of violent death, as shown in the Horoscope. Yet, it is very rarely attempted to predict from these rules. Recently, in London, astrologers have essayed it in the cases of Queen Victoria and Mrs. Besant. An examination is here given of the astrological birth and death figures of President Carnot, with a view to show how it could well have been possible, at the time of his birth, or at any time since, to have at least predicted a violent death for Carnot, basing the prediction simply on the well-recognized rules of astrology. And even a closely approximate period might have been pointed out, since by secondary direction the Moon came to a square of Saturn and Mars in his fifty-seventh year; while, as a matter of fact, those aspects were formed, respectively, on the 18th and 20th of June. On the 23d the Moon came to a square of Herschel, and on the 25th, when he was stabbed, to a square of Jupiter. As the Moon was in the "House of the Grave," Herschel in the "House of Public Enemies," and Jupiter in the "House of Mourning" when he was born, while Saturn was in the "House of Short Journeys" in the Horoscope, afflicting Mercury (his own planet) in the ascendant, Jupiter, it may be observed, according to all astrological authorities, from Ptolemy down, governs the liver; and it was there the fatal stroke was received. In the Horoscope, also, the evil planets—Saturn and Mars—were in the East, which, according to the same authorities, betokens a "violent death." The evil fixed star, Alde-

in the "House of Mourning." When Carnot died, Saturn had moved from the "House of Short Journeys" in the first figure to that of "Sickness" in the second. In both figures Herschel is in the seventh house ("Marriage and Public Enemies"), and in both in opposition to Venus in the "House of Life." Herschel, in the seventh house, signifies "powerful adversaries and separation of husband and wife." In the death figure Carnot's ruling planet, Mercury, which was on the cusp of the ascendant at birth, is in the "House of the Grave." The transfer of the Moon from the "House of the Grave," in the first, to that of "Mourning" in the sec-



DEATH FIGURE OF PRESIDENT CARNOT, LYONS, FRANCE, JUNE 25, 12:15 A.M.

ond figure, is no less significant. That Venus—which joins with Mercury in the birth figure in presaging the life and prospects, and is there afflicted by Herschel from the most deadly position—should, in the death figure, be found in precisely the same position, but now joined to the evil planet Mars, and under the same opposing affliction from Herschel, is certainly an extraordinary condition. At the time of birth the Moon was in square to Herschel and Venus, and had just parted from the square of Jupiter and Mercury.

The uninformed reader should understand that, in astrology, squares and oppositions are invariably counted as evil, the nature ascribed to the planets giving the character of the evil to be anticipated. At the time of Carnot's death the Sun was afflicted by the square of Saturn and Mars, and the Moon by that of Neptune and Jupiter; while Saturn and Venus received, respectively, the mundane opposition of Mars and Herschel. Any qualified astrologer, viewing this figure, supposing he had set it up for experiment at any time previous to the event, would have at once perceived the deadly character of the aspects and positions. If it had been practicable, a warning derived from this source alone might have been instrumental in saving the life of a very valuable man. It is a little curious that Henry IV., who was stabbed by Ravalliac, May 14, 1610, had, like Carnot, Jupiter in the twelfth house in his Horoscope—the "House of Mourning."

It is also remarkable that Lincoln, Garfield and Carnot had the Moon in the first house when they were assassinated, and that Lincoln was shot at 9:30 P.M., Garfield at 9:25 A.M. and Carnot 9:35 P.M., the time at each case being that of the city where the assassination took place. Further, the position of the signs of the Zodiac were the same in the birth figure of Carnot and that of the assassination of Garfield. And in the death figure of Carnot and that of the assassination of Lincoln Herschel was in the seventh house, while in that of the murder of Garfield it was in opposition, in the first house. And, finally, the Sun, in the cases of both Lincoln and Carnot, was in the fifth house at the time of the assassination. The fifth house governs theatres, and Lincoln was in a theatre and Carnot on his way to one.

STUDENT OF THE STARS.

"THE IDOL."

QUITE out of the run of ordinary novels is "The Idol," by Mme. P. Caro, specially translated into English for ONCE A WEEK Library. It is a deeply interesting study of a rather uncommon type of woman. Dagmar, the heroine, is exceedingly lovely, but so conscious of her beauty that all her thoughts and actions take color and direction from the knowledge. She takes herself so seriously that nothing which disturbs the atmosphere she has created round herself can be tolerated by her for a moment; and not only does she consider all inanimate things only in so far as they form a suitable background for her beauty, but her friends and daily companions are likewise chosen with a view to their value as scenic accessories. The reader becomes fascinated by this self-worshipping beauty, and feels intensely curious as to her plan of procedure when love becomes a factor in her life. Just what it was, readers must find out for themselves, as even to hint at the dénouement would be to rob the book of its interest. The minor characters introduced are all interesting in different degrees, and touched with originality. Charming pictures are drawn of country life among the leisure class in France, and there is a good deal of sprightly dialogue introduced in the course of the narrative. A valuable lesson may be drawn from the perusal of this book, especially by women who are inclined to cherish an overweening sense of their own perfections. "The Idol" will appear with No. 18, Vol. XIII., of ONCE A WEEK, or immediately after the second part of Rider Haggard's great African romance, "Nada the Lily," shall have been distributed.

CHESS GOSSIP.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE match of five games up for the Chess Championship of the United States between J. W. Showalter and A. B. Hodges was won by Mr. Hodges, with the score of five games to three and one draw. The Ruy Lopez opening was played in all the games, except the third, which was a Ponziani.

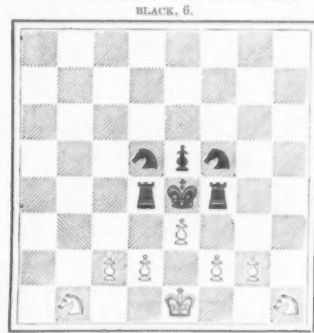
The match was contested at the Brooklyn Chess Club, and was supplementary to the match played at the Manhattan Chess Club. In that match, after each player had won six games, it was thought it would be better not to decide the championship by one game, and the contestants agreed to continue the match at the Brooklyn Chess Club, the winner of the deciding game in the first contest to take the purse and not the title. Mr. Showalter won the first match, the score being: Showalter, 7; Hodges, 6, and four games drawn.

The following is the second game in the Hodges-Showalter match for the American Championship:

WHITE—HODGES.		BLACK—SHOWALTER.	
1. P K4	P K4	22. P K4	PxP
2. K Kt B3	Q Kt B3	23. PxP	Q Kt Q P
3. B Kt5	Kt B3	24. R B1	Q K2
4. P Q3	B B4	25. B Q B4	K R1
5. Castles	Q K2	26. BxP	BxR
6. P B3	Castles	27. BxKt	KtB
7. P Q4	B Kt3	28. QxKt	QxKt
8. P Q5	Kt Kt1	29. KtB	Q B5 ch
9. B Q3	P Q1	30. K Kt1	Q Q Kt5
10. Q Kt Q2	P B3	31. Kt B4	R B3
11. P B4	Q Kt Q2	32. K R Q1	P R4
12. Kt Kt3	B Q1	33. KtQ P	PxP
13. P Q R4	P Q R4	34. R B4	QxKt P
14. B Q2	Kt B1	35. RxP	P K Kt3
15. Q K1	Q B2	36. KtB	PxP
16. P R3	Kt Kt3	37. K R4 ch	K Kt2
17. K R2	Kt R4	38. Q Q7 ch	R B2
18. P Kt3	R B1	39. K R7 ch	KxR
19. Q Q1	P K B4	40. QxR ch	K Kt3
20. Kt Kt5	Kt B3	41. Kt Q6	Resigns.
21. K PxP	Kt K2		

At right move of above game (Steinitz, in his game with Rosenthal in the London tournament of 1883, played 8 BxKt, which is better than 8 P to Q5, as the Kt can retreat to Kt1).

PROBLEM NO. 3.—BY A. CORRIAS.



WHITE, 8.

The above problem can be solved at a glance. We give it owing to its symmetrical construction, which imitates the form of a rook. Notice that there is no useless piece or pawn.

ITEMS ABOUT CHESS.

At Montreal, Canada, the Central Chess and Checker Club has just been organized.

The Minneapolis State Chess Association has announced an original to-move problem tourney, open only to members of the Association.

A handicap chess tourney is now in progress at the Chicago Chess and Checker Club.

THE TOMALE MAN.

At the corner of the street the dull, red coals of the tomale man's little furnace cast shadows upon the wet pavement.

The dense fog which had settled down upon the town in the early evening became a drizzling rain as the night wore on.

The tomale man looked cold and ill. The collar of his ragged coat was turned about his neck. His bronzed cheek was pressed against the side of the little furnace as if to instill warmth into his chilled frame. He sat thus, his back against the building, his hands in his pockets, his eyes closed in sleep.

As the world awoke with the rumbling of peddlers' carts and the tinkle of the first street-car, the tomale man still slept. He looked colder now, for the red glare had long since left the charcoal in the little furnace.

The policeman from around the corner shook the shoulder of the tomale man roughly. The head fell forward upon the knees.

The policeman blew his whistle.

The tomale man was dead. WILL M. CLEMENS.

PROFESSOR ATTILA and Mr. Sandow are two strong men of Gotham. The professor teaches physical culture. While Sandow was in San Francisco some time ago the Attila sent him a letter, in which "blackguard" and "clog of quicksilver" were among the mildest forms of compliment. Tuesday, June 10, the professor was arrested for this, and was about to go to Ludlow Street Jail in default of bail, when a friend appeared, at 10 P.M., and saved him the disgrace. But Sandow's secretary busied himself most of the night telephoning to the New York reporters that Attila was locked up. Is muscle spiteful?

PRINCE GREGOIRE GULITZIN of Russia is about to visit America, and especially the British possessions. The Governor-General of Canada has received a communication from the Marquis of Ripon, Colonial Secretary, bespeaking for the Prince the good offices of the Canadian Government, and suggesting that the various Lieutenant-Governors be asked to receive him with a degree of civility becoming to his rank. The communication incloses one from M. Staal, the Russian Ambassador to London, addressed to the Foreign Office there, asking that steps be taken to insure for the Prince a friendly reception in Her Majesty's dominions in America.

Signs of the Zodiac.

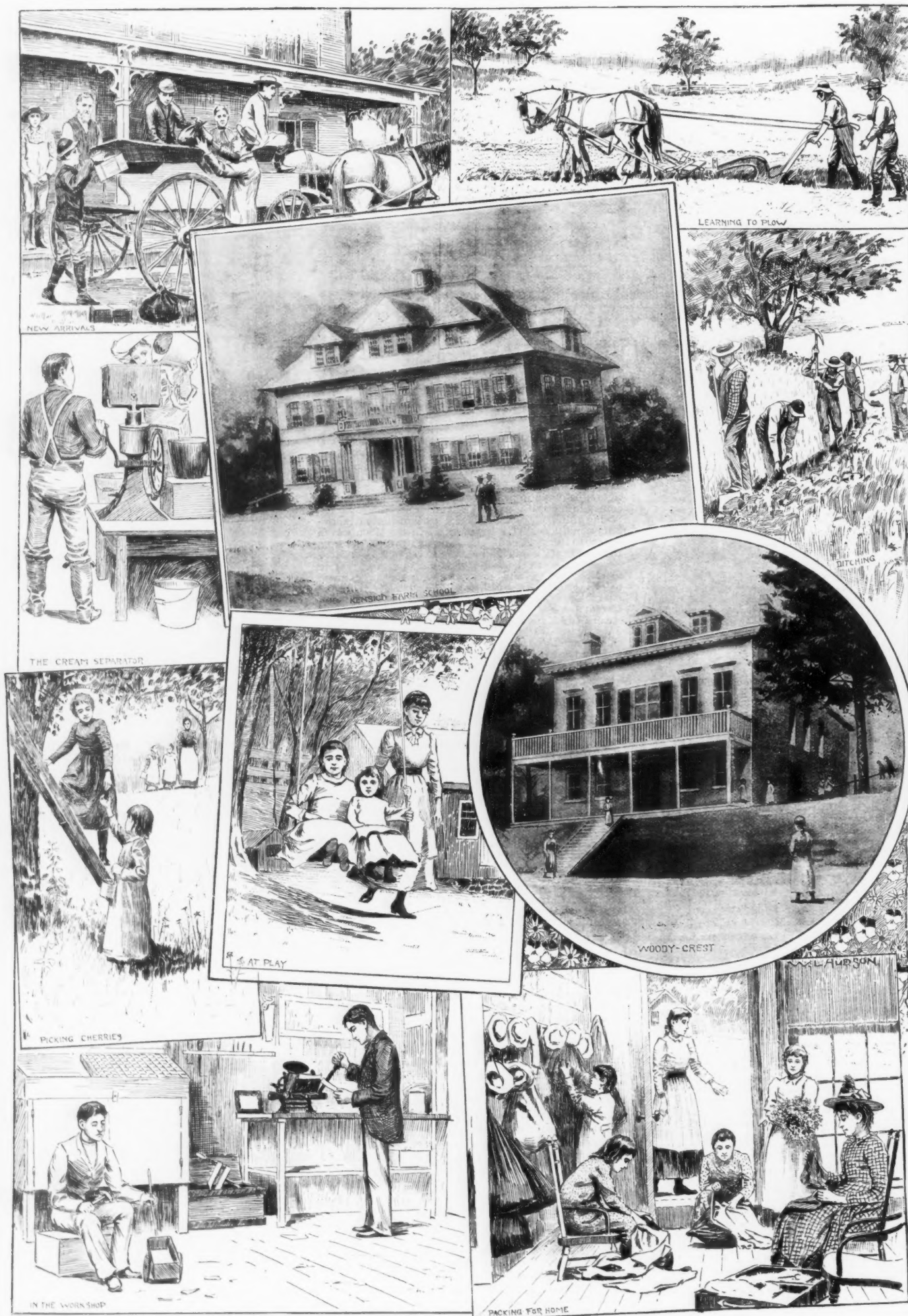
Northern.	Southern.	Planets.
♈ ARIES.	♏ LIBRA.	☉ SUN.
♉ TAURUS.	♐ SCORPIO.	☿ VENUS.
♊ GENI.	♑ SAGITTARIUS.	♂ MERCURY.
♋ CANCER.	♒ CAPRICORNUS.	♃ JUPITER.
♌ LEO.	♓ AQUARIUS.	♂ MARS.
♍ VIRGO.	♐ PISCES.	♄ SATURN.
		♅ HERSCHEL.
		♆ NEPTUNE.

BY COMPARING THE ABOVE SYMBOLS THE READER CAN EASILY UNDERSTAND THE CHARTS.

baran, was in the Mid-Heaven, in opposition to the Moon with Aldebaran (another evil star) in the "House of the Grave," while Jupiter and the Sun were in the "House of Mourning," near to Regulus, still another fixed star of evil potency; which, while it promises, when rising, unbounded honor and lofty position, does also betoken that same calamity—a violent death. The zodiacal sign Virgo (which governs the intestines) was on the cusp of the ascendant at birth, while at the time of the assassination it was on the cusp of the eighth, or "House of Death." All of this could have been determined by a close examination of the Horoscope of President Carnot at any time, the evil secondary direction giving the key to the approximate time, and it is certainly strange that no one of the enthusiastic group of young astrologers now operating in London should never have thought to examine this Horoscope. The more particularly as, in the June number of their organ, the *Astrological Magazine*, occurs (for no immediate reason) a chart made for the date of the assassination of Garfield. This fact, of itself, is an astonishing coincidence, and renders it the more remarkable that the astrologer who furnished it should not have taken his own hint, and looked into the Horoscope of Carnot.

It may very properly be urged that the investigation of the probability of death is going beyond the proper scope of man's earthly limitations. But the answer to this is, that the consideration of astrological omens should be for purposes of warning, since the stars simply give their testimony to the existence of danger, and most certainly do not overcome man's power to avert it; but, rather, if rightly judged, aid in this most excellent purpose.

In the birth figure of Carnot, Mars—which kills by stabbing, according to the authorities—was in direct opposition to the "House of Death"; and to 10° 36' of the sign Aries, which appears on the cusp of the ascendant in the death figure, with Mars in that very sign,



THE KENSICO FARM SCHOOL AND HELEN GOULD'S RETREAT FOR CHILDREN NEAR TARRYTOWN.

SLEEP ON, BABY, ON THE FLOOR.

A LULLABY.

Words by Mrs. E. B. BROWNING.

Music composed expressly for ONCE A WEEK by J. FRANCIS COOKE.

Moderato sostenuto.
pp Strictly legato.
cres.
p
rubato.
pp

Contralto.
Very quiet.

1. Sleep on, ba - by, on the floor, Tir'd of all the play - ing; Sleep with smile the sweet - er, for That you dropp'd a - way in.

Lightly.
 On your curl's full round-ness stand Gold-en lights, so - rene - ly stand; One cheek, push'd out by the hand, Folds the dim - ple in - ly,

Softly.
 Folds the dim - ple in - ly. *Sva.....*
pp
 2. Lit - tle head and lit - tle foot,

Heav - y laid for pleas - ure; Un - der-neath the lids, half shut, Slants the shin - ing a - zure. O - pen soul in noon-day sun,

So you lie and slum - ber on; Noth - ing e - vil hav - ing done, Noth - ing can en - cum - ber, Noth - ing can en - cum - ber.

decrescendo.

To be appended ad libitum. *ppp* *ppp* *FINE.*

Sleep on, Sleep on.

THE above Lullaby is one of the number entered in the recent Musical Competition of ONCE A WEEK. Though the technical merits of this composition are not equal to those of the Prize Lullaby, it is considered worthy of publication on other grounds, chiefly for the sweetness of the melody, and the appropriateness of the arrangement.

DRESS ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

THE latest Paris sensation in the province of Fashion is the new color *bleuet*, which has achieved a sudden and immense popularity. It is a deep bright shade of blue, which fairly eludes description. There is a touch of purple in it, and yet it is utterly unlike any of the shades of that color worn during the past year. It is cool in tone, and has a deliciously crisp effect. There was a *bleuet* exhibition last week in one of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's windows, and round it admiring females clustered all day long, six deep, moved to every degree of enthusiasm, from the



A CREPON GOWN.

speechless to the breathlessly voluble. It was just a perfect little bit of Paris transplanted to Sixth Avenue. Of course, it said "Siste, Viator" to me, too, and of course I obeyed, all in your interests, dear readers. The little wax Parisienne, who was the central object of attraction, looked positively fascinating in a blouse of white accordion-plaited chiffon, with a *four-de-con* of white illusion, shirred into three little puckers in the front, and having a great fluffy rosette at each side, just



GOWN OF SILK GINGHAM.

under the ears and almost touching them. Her hat was of dead white chip, shaped almost like a sailor, with the brim slightly curled upward. It was trimmed with *bleuet* satin ribbon and tulle and a smart black aigrette. A filmy white veil, dotted with black, completed a supremely chic ensemble. *Bleuet* will, of course, be used only for trimmings, as it is too pronounced and crude a color to look well in a mass. I predict, also, that it will not be worn through the winter; it is too cold.

The number and variety of new summer fabrics is legion, but crepon still claims my undivided allegiance. Its exquisite softness and clinging quality seem to me of *la dernière elegance*, as our French



cousins would say. It requires stiff silk lining to make it set properly. There is a sketch of a lovely silver-gray crepon given on this page, which our artist was permitted to sketch by the kindness of Messrs. Simpson, Crawford & Simpson. The skirt is box-plaited; the overdrape hangs straight on the right side, but is turned back at the bottom and caught up on the left side with a handsome bow and long ends of black satin ribbon. A stripe of white lace insertion is effectively introduced into the skirt. The bodice is of white accordion-plaited chiffon, trimmed with deep points of ecru lace about the neck and waist. The belt is of black satin ribbon, and bows of the same ornament the sleeves.

Silk gingham is another fabric which certainly has its charms. There is a pretty white one in the illustration. Each edge of the eight-gored skirt is faced, and under this skirt is a second one of a delicate pink, covered with lace. The full vest is pink, and the sash—which extends from the shoulders almost to the hem of the skirt in front—is of the softest white silk; so, likewise are the bows on the sleeves. The jaunty hat worn with this costume is of white openwork lace, finished about the edge with a fancy braid and jet spangles. White moire ribbon bows extend from either side of the crown, held in place in the centre by a curved ornament. Black aigrettes and jet ornaments form the trimming in the back, while pink and yellow velvet roses nestle close to the hair in front and toward the left side.

The tailor-made gown of pique shown may also be carried out with good effect in brown linen. The trimming consists of three narrow rows of black velvet ribbon. The vest of white linen is orna-



YELLOW BARÈGE WALKING COSTUME.

mented with narrow gold braid. The hat on this figure is a skeleton frame, covered with gold gauze, the low, pointed crown being composed of large gold and silver

beads. Around its base is a mass of pink roses. Four black tips stand upright at the four corners. The bandeau, which is of black velvet, is ornamented with roses, front and back. Both these costumes just described were seen at Messrs. Lord & Taylor's, to whom thanks are due for courtesies received.

The fourth pretty street costume shown is of yellow barège over white silk, with trimmings of cream lace frills, and cream lace yoke and vest. The ruffles and folds on the bodice are of yellow chiffon. The drapery, which is round in the front, falls in two long ends, like a sash, at the back.

That there are possibilities in white pique undreamed of by the ordinary mind is convincingly shown in some of the creations of the great artists of dress, who, with this material for a foundation, have built up costumes that are the wonder and admiration of all beholders. I read in a late number of *Truth* a description of an Ascot gown of this order, made by a great London dressmaker, which I can well believe, without seeing, was a triumph of art. The pique skirt had black satin ribbons arranged a little way down the seams, and was made with a semi-Zouave coat, the fronts of which were gathered up at each side under a rosette of black satin. At the back was a turned-back black satin collar. The blouse was in turquoise silk of the palest blue, covered with folds of sprigged net, drawn in at the waist under a belt of black satin ribbon. The neck was finished with a cravat, with ends of sprigged net and big jet buttons set in paste.

Two picturesque summer costumes for children are shown in the accompanying cut. The first is of white serge, made with a kilted skirt, the front of which is plain and ornamented with four rosettes of navy-blue silk; the collar and cuffs of the sailor blouse are bordered with navy-blue braid. A round white straw hat,



with wide brim curving upward, makes a charming background for the baby face framed in golden curls. The other boy wears a suit of white duck, made with knickerbockers and a loose blouse. A soft silk necktie is worn under the deep sailor collar. His cap is a white wool *tugue*, with navy blue border. To my mind, nothing could be prettier than these two charmingly simple little suits.

Gwendolen Gay

A DAUGHTER OF SYRIA.

RECENTLY had the pleasure of meeting Madame Hannah Kisbany Korany, who came from far Syria last summer as a delegate to the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair. It was, to me, a new sensation to find myself, face to face and hand to hand, with a real dark-eyed, dark-skinned daughter of the Orient, the living embodiment of the imaginary picture so often presented to my mind's eye by the glowing descriptions of poets and romanticists. The wonder of it was not diminished when the living houri replied to my cordial greeting in perfect English, just sufficiently touched with a foreign accent to remind me agreeably that the speaker was not a native-born American masquerading in the turban and flowing robes of the East. I was scarcely able to conceal my surprise and admiration when I found that, in a few minutes after our introduction, we had launched into a spirited discussion of the question of woman's progress—a discussion in which I was well pleased to play the part of a listener while my gifted companion related to me, in marvelously well-chosen English, many curious and interesting facts about the life of women in Syria.

My curiosity being greatly excited by

the evidence which was before me of the degree of intelligence and culture which our Oriental sisters had reached, I freely availed myself of Madame Korany's kind permission to question her as I pleased, and was gratified to obtain, at first hand, much instructive information about herself, her native country, and its manners and customs.

Madame Korany was born in one of the beautiful villages of Mount Lebanon, of good old Syrian stock, and was fortunate enough to have parents who attached much importance to the education of their daughter. An American seminary at Beyroot was selected by them to be her *Alma Mater*, and certainly the results of her studies there reflect the highest credit on their judgment as well as on the educational character of that institution. After making a full course in sciences, languages and arts, Madame Korany was graduated, at the age of fifteen. In the following year, in accordance with the general custom of her people, she was married. Here again she was fortunate, finding in her husband a sympathetic companion and adviser, who encouraged her love of study and the efforts she began to make to advance the interests of her sex in Syria. She devoted much time to literary work, and has the honor of being the first of her countrywomen to write for the press and to speak in public. As might have been expected, criticism and opposition were not wanting to prove to Madame Korany that the way of the social reformer is a hard one; but she was not to be deterred from the course she saw marked out for her, and to follow which she was, by nature and education, more than ordinarily well equipped.

Encouraged by the support and approval of the most enlightened men and women of her country, she published books and delivered lectures, mostly with a view to effect the removal of restrictions which long custom had imposed on her sex, depriving it of the liberty and advantages enjoyed by the women of other nations.

When there was question of inviting a delegate from Syria to the World's Congress of Women, Madame Korany was instantly felt to be the best, and indeed almost the only, choice. At the same time, she took charge of the exhibit of the handicraft of Oriental women. Her husband accompanied her on the long journey. Madame Korany is, according to Western ideas, still very young, being, in fact, only twenty-three years old. But in the East women mature more quickly than here, and she is, therefore, in the full bloom of womanhood.

Madame Korany has been giving lectures in the various large cities of the United States since the close of the World's Fair. She is at present in New York, where she has already addressed several audiences, and met with a cordial reception. The titles of some of these lectures convey a sufficient hint of the trend of Madame Korany's ideas and of the wonderful facility she has for giving expression to her views in a language not her own. She has already spoken on "The East; its Past, Present and Future," "Woman and Her Relations to Humanity From the Oriental Point of View," "The Home Industries of the East," "The Social and Political Condition of Turkey," "The Faith of Islam," "Arabic Literature," "Impressions of America," and other equally fruitful and interesting topics.

Personally, Madame Korany is very attractive, being tall, well-formed, and handsome. Her manner is at once gentle and vivacious; for, though her movements have something of the slow languor of the East, her mobile expression and bright dark eyes indicate an active intelligence, and her conversation is both brilliant and witty.

On the lecture platform Madame Korany is thoroughly at home. Her self-possession is perfect, as it might well be with such gifts as she possesses. What with her attractive personality, her low and musical voice, and her easy flow of choice English, to say nothing of the interesting and originally treated matter of her discourse, she holds the attention of her audiences without apparent effort, and leaves on the minds of all a distinctly favorable impression of modern Oriental womanhood.

The photograph of Madame Korany on page 4 shows the charming and talented Syrian in the picturesque and graceful costume of the East, which admirably sets off her dusky beauty. L. E. F. B.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has made her famous, has lived many years of her life in America, having come to this country when she was but fifteen years old, and, later, married Dr. Burnett of Washington. Recently, however, she has taken a fine house in Portland Place, London, and will hereafter reside there.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

HEARD BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The sun looks over a little hill
And floods the valley with gold,
A torrent of gold;
And the hither field is green and still;
Beyond it a cloud outrolled
Is glowing molten and bright,
And soon the hill and the valley and all,
With a quiet fall,
Will be gathered into the night.
Only a moment more,
Out of the silent wood
As if from the closing door
Of another world and another lovelier mood
Hear'st thou the hermit pour—
So sweet, so magical!—
His golden music, ghostly beautiful.

HEARD BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

List the feathered Ancherite,
From his perch upon the bough,
Flung that most melodious vow
Far down the leafy night
Till it leaps across the light
Of an open, airy glade,
And is lost within the shade
Of the thicket opposite!
O a happy hermit he,
Though he loves to brood and brood
In a sunless solitude
Unfrequented by the bee!
Wide upon their errantry
Are the wren and robin sped,
But no wanderer is he, wed
To the dusk and melody.
To the worn, world-weary one
As refreshing and as cool
Is his song as is the pool
To the plodder in the sun
When the parched path is done,
Lo! for that one listening
Summer-time turns back to spring
And life seems as new begun.

ARE WE TO BE ANNIHILATED?

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1663.

THE calamitous prediction of Dr. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan to the effect that New York and New Jersey are doomed to total annihilation within the next ten years, coming close on the heels of the earthquake shock which so recently terrified the good people of Eastern Canada, New England and a portion of New York State, is one which will cause the nervous and faint-hearted many an hour of uneasiness and apprehension. The fatalist, on the other hand, will smile grimly as he reads the appalling prophecy, and comfort his cynicism with the thought that the inevitable can inspire neither fear nor hope—it is *Kismet*.

The Northeastern portion of North America has been visited by seismic disturbances on several occasions during the present century, varying in severity from an almost imperceptible undulation to the more pronounced disturbance of last month. None, however, have been attended by serious consequences; a pane of glass shattered here and there, a few bricks displaced from a tottering chimney, a door or window frame knocked out of plumb, a chorus of feminine shrieks and the blanching of several masculine cheeks were the gravest disorders which they caused. But this portion of our continent was the scene of an earthquake in 1663 which, for violence and duration, excelled anything of the kind of which we have any knowledge. There were few white men in the country at that time; their settlements, though confined to a comparatively small area, were difficult of inter-communication, they had no facilities for the conveyance of news nor for the observation and recording of natural phenomena, and consequently the only account which we have of this very remarkable convulsion of Nature is that furnished by Fr. Hieroseme Lalemant, of the Society of Jesus, sent by him to Fr. André Castillon, Provincial of the Order, in Paris. The "relation" is dated at "Kébec, New France, September 4, 1663," and runs as follows:

"It was the 5th of February, 1663, at half-past five o'clock in the evening, that a great crackling noise was heard at the same time throughout the whole of the Canadas. This noise, which appeared as if fire was in the houses, caused everybody to run out to escape so unexpected a conflagration; but, instead of seeing the smoke and the flames, they were much

surprised at seeing the walls balancing themselves, and all the stones in motion as if they were being detached; the roofs appeared to bend themselves downward on one side and upward on the other; the bells sounded of themselves; the beams, joists and planks cracked; the earth bounded, causing the stakes of the palisades to dance in a fashion which would not appear credible had we not actually witnessed it in several places.

"The people were all out of doors, the cattle flying, children crying in the streets, men and women terror-stricken, not knowing what moment would be their last, either by being crushed beneath the ruins of their homes or swallowed up in one of the many chasms which yawned at their feet. Many prostrated themselves in prayer, which they continued through that night of horrors; for the earth kept up a swinging, rocking motion, like to that of a ship at sea, and such, that numbers were affected with the symptoms and nausea of sea-sickness. The disturbance was much greater in the forests. One would say that there was a battle raging in which the trees were the combatants. They clashed together; not only their branches but their trunks, torn from the roots, clashed against each other with a violence and disorder that caused our Indians to say that all the forest was drunk. War seemed to be declared between the mountains, some of which were uprooted and thrown against the others, leaving great abysses where they stood, sometimes burying the trees up to their tops, sometimes overturning them and forcing the branches deep into the soil, making a forest of inverted trunks.

"While this general ruin was being wrought upon land the ice, five and six feet in thickness was fractured and thrown about in huge masses, and from the openings arose great volumes of vapor and jets of mud and sand, which were thrown high into the air. Our springs ceased to flow, and the water became sulphurated. The rivers disappeared or were corrupted, the waters of some turning red and others yellow. Our great River St. Lawrence appeared whitish as far as Tadousac, a most astounding fact when one considers the vast volume of water and the quantity of matter necessary to color it.

"Besides the wonders which occurred on land and water the air contributed its quota of marvels, for many declare that, besides the hissing and crackling which preceded always and accompanied the earthquake, spectres and phantoms were seen flying with lighted flambeaux in their hands. Points and lances of fluttering flame like lighted brands were seen to glide about the houses, without doing other damage than exciting the fear of those who saw them. Plaintive voices were heard in lamentation during the watches of the night. Walrus appeared before the village of Three Rivers crying loudly, making the air resound with their piteous bellowings.

"We are told that, at Montreal, the fence-posts jumped and danced; doors opened and shut of themselves; the chimneys and eaves of the houses bent like branches of trees agitated by the wind, and that when one raised a foot in walking the earth rose with it, sometimes striking the sole quite rudely, and other most remarkable happenings.

"At Three Rivers the first shock was more violent, and accompanied by a noise resembling thunder. The banks of the river, which were at that point of a prodigious height, were leveled, having been lifted from their foundations and uprooted to the level of the water. These two wooded mountains being thrown into the river formed an immense dam, which caused the stream to change its bed and overflow the newly-created plains, undermining and washing away immense quantities of debris, which discolored and muddied the waters of the great St. Lawrence during three months. Lakes appeared where dry land had been; mountains were engulfed; rapids were leveled; rivers disappeared; the earth cracked in many places, and no bottom could be found to some of the chasms thus formed; meadows were transformed into ruined forests, and woodlands were torn up so as to resemble freshly-plowed fields.

"At Tadousac a violent storm raged, and showers of ashes fell. At St. Paul's Bay a mountain, about three-quarters of a league round, which stood close to the river, was plunged into the stream and formed an island, transforming what had been a rocky dangerous place into an excellent harbor, sheltered from every wind. At Pointe aux Alouettes an entire forest slid into the stream, where the tops of the trees were seen for a couple of days standing erect in the waters.

"Three circumstances have rendered this earthquake very remarkable: First, the time of its duration, having continued from February till August, or more than six months. It is true that the shocks were not always equally violent; in certain places, as in the mountains back of

us, the racket and trembling were continuous for a long time; in others, as at Tadousac, the trembling occurred ordinarily two or three times a day, with great swaying, and we remarked that on the high lands the motion was less than on the plains. Second, the extent of the earthquake, which we believe to have been universal throughout New France; for we learn that it made itself felt from Isle Percée and Gaspé to beyond Montreal, as also in New England, Acadia and other distant places; so that, to our knowledge, allowing that the earthquake took place in a space two hundred leagues long by one hundred wide, here are twenty thousand square leagues which trembled at once, on the same day and at the same moment. Third, the particular protection which God extended to us and to our habitations; for we saw close to us the great openings which were made, and a prodigious extent of country wasted, without our having lost one child, not one hair of the head. We saw ourselves surrounded by disorders and ruins, and all the time we only had a few chimneys demolished, while the mountains around were swallowed up."

Further on in the "relation" we are told: "The great trees precipitated into the river, with hills and entire mountains, roll about fearfully in the waters, which cast them up again on the shore in strange confusion. The heat has been extraordinary; the earth all dried up by subterranean and sulphurous fires, which had exhausted all the humidity; a fire which had taken in these vast forests, and which had already burned more than eighteen leagues, menaced the habitations of our French, and the destruction of all our fields so carefully sown; but processions and public prayers brought us a prompt remedy, by the grace of God, abundant rains followed, and never had we reason to hope for a richer harvest."



BY "A BLUE APRON."

SANDWICHES FOR AFTERNOON TEA.—Take a thin round of white bread twice as large as a silver dollar, butter it, and lay on it a fine slice of ham, two anchovies, rolled, chopped hard-boiled yolk of egg, and tiny pieces of pickled cucumber. Another good sandwich is made of German smoked salmon laid on a thin slice of buttered bread, and a third can be made entirely of anchovies, decorated with eggs, chopped fine, mixed with a few capers.

SWISS POACHED EGGS.—This is a delicious sweet dish, which, in appearance, is an exact imitation of our popular breakfast dish. It consists of slices of Genoa pastry, dipped in sherry, on each of which is placed half an apricot, surrounded with a whip of cream.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

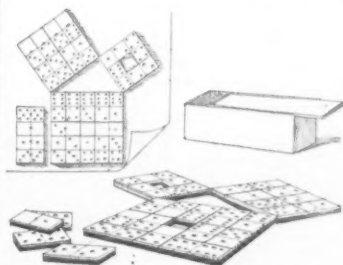
THE ASSES' BRIDGE DEMONSTRATED BY DOMINOES.

WITHOUT the aid of paper or blackboard it is possible to demonstrate the geometrical theorem popularly known as the "Asses' Bridge," with a simple game of dominoes. The theorem says the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides.

Suppose a right-angled triangle having sides which respectively measure 3, 4, and 5. Construct a square on the hypotenuse, using dominoes, each one of which is in the shape of a rectangle composed of two little squares. Count the number of little squares contained in the large square, and you will find there are 25, since 12 dominoes were required to complete it. There is also a little square space in the centre equal to the other squares, hence you have twenty-five squares, each equal to the surface of half a domino.

Construct the other squares in a similar manner. You will find that four dominoes are required for the side 3, which are equal to 9 squares, plus one hollow one, which gives 9 squares. For the side 4 eight dominoes are required, or 16 little squares. But sixteen and nine, added, give 25, which is exactly the number of little squares in the large square of the hypotenuse.

The figure to the left of the drawing



shows a combination of dominoes specially selected to produce the following interesting result. Add the spots on the dominoes in the great square and you will find there are 75. Those in the other two squares amount to 27 and 48, respectively, which two figures, being added, give exactly 75. New combinations may be formed by substituting for some of the dominoes used any of the four remaining ones, without destroying the equality in the sums of the spots.

Uncle Jeff—"Look a' heah, you Hen'y Clay White. How many times has I tole yo' smoken 'll shawten yo' life mo'n half?" Young Henry Clay White—"Well, Unc' Jeff, yo' been smoken' mos' all yo' life, and yo' is a putty ole man."

Uncle Jeff—"Dat's all right, you fool nigga! I's eighty-fo' now, an' eff I hadn' smoked when I was a boy I might 'a' been mo'n a hundred years ole by dis time."

Lawyer—"Where is that sign, 'Back in ten minutes'?"

Boy—"The man in the next office borrowed it. He said he wanted to go to witness a ball game."

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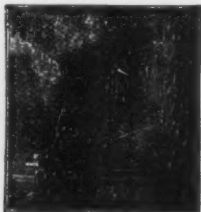
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FOREMAN:—Here's a notice of the engagement of Lord Dedbroke and Miss Stockin-Bond; it's too late for classification; what shall I do with it?
Editor (reflectively):—Put it in the 'Bargain' column.

ALASKA,
THE YAKIMA COUNTRY,
THE LAKE PARK REGION,
JESUIT MISSIONS IN THE NORTH-WEST,
YELLOWSTONE PARK,
AS WE GO ROLLING ON,
THE RED RIVER VALLEY.



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